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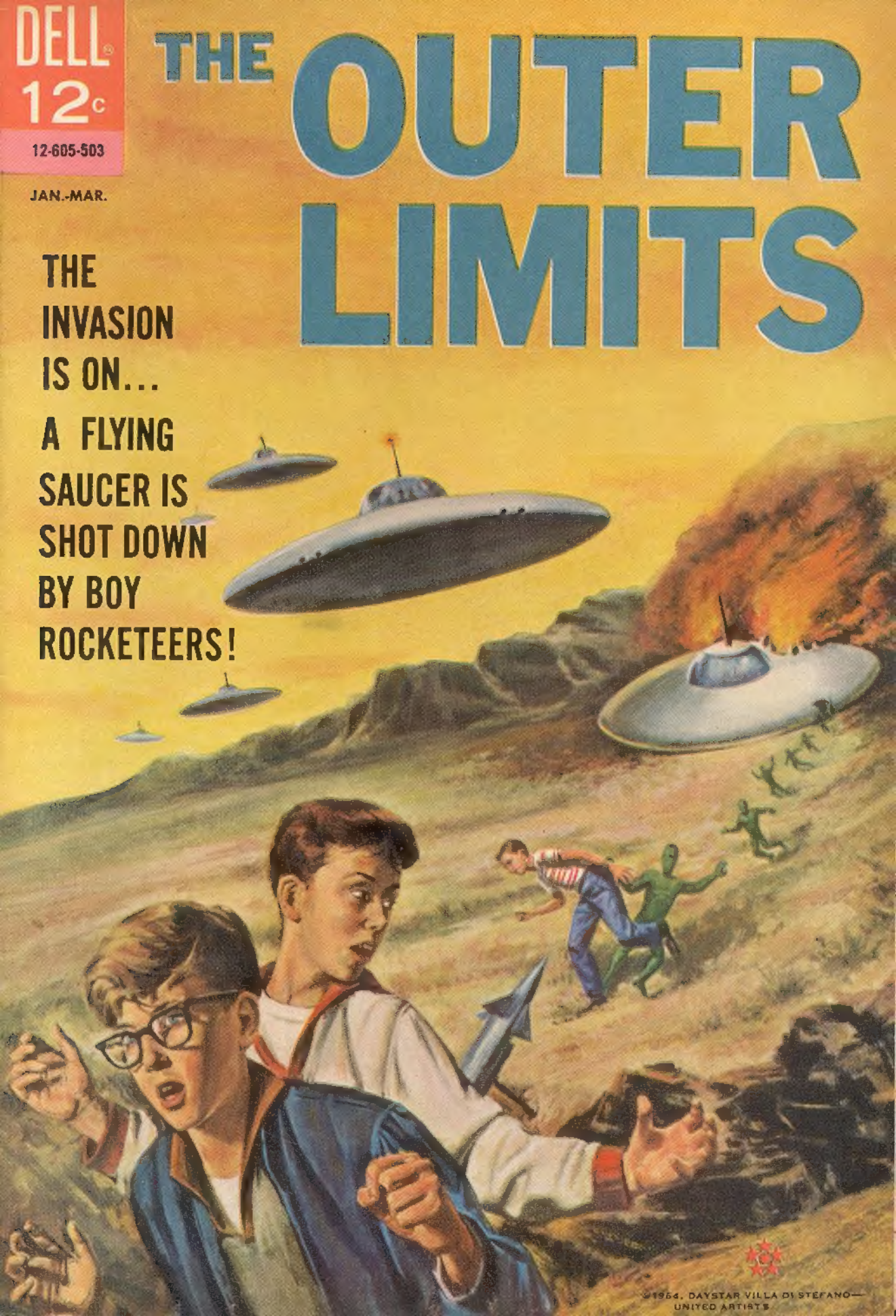
JAN.-MAR.

THE OUTER LIMITS

THE INVASION IS ON...

A FLYING SAUCER IS SHOT DOWN BY BOY ROCKETEERS!



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UNITED ARTISTS

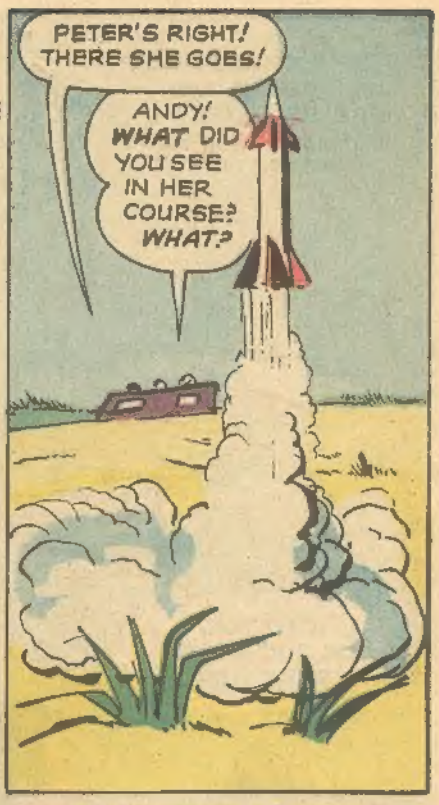
THE OUTER LIMITS

AMAZING MOONS

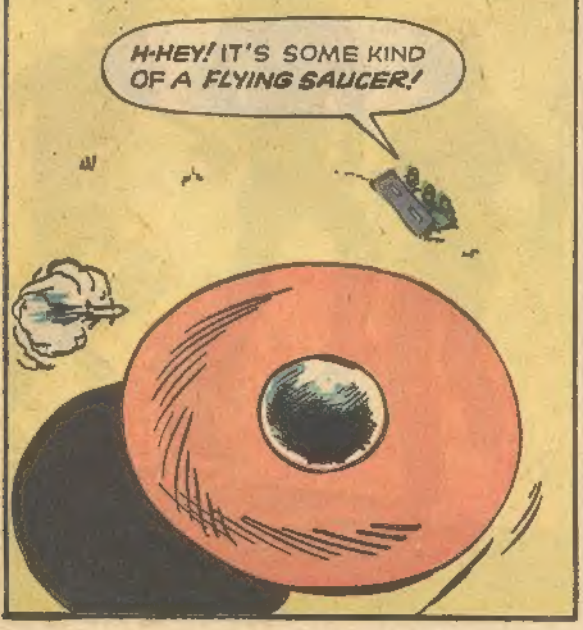
BESIDES OUR OWN MOON, THIRTY OTHER KNOWN SATELLITES CIRCLE THE PLANETS OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. THEY VARY IN SIZE FROM MARS' TINY DEIMOS --- 5 MILES IN DIAMETER, TO SATURN'S TITIAN - 3,550 MILES IN DIAMETER, WHILE OUR MOON IS 2,160 MILES ACROSS. SOME OF THESE MOONS DISPLAY UNUSUAL ATTRIBUTES. SATURN'S MOON JAPETUS HAS ONE SIDE FIVE TIMES AS BRIGHT AS ITS OTHER SIDE -- AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY... SATURN ALSO HAS THE ONLY MOON WITH AN ATMOSPHERE AND FROM THAT MOON, NAMED TITAN, THE SKY WOULD NOT APPEAR BLACK. ITS SURFACE IS PROBABLY COVERED BY FROZEN WATER. JUPITER HAS TWO MOONS LARGER THAN THE PLANET MERCURY! AND JUPITER'S THREE OUTER MOONS CIRCLE IN RETROGRADE FASHION, ORBITING OPPOSITE TO THE NORMAL ORBITING DIRECTION OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM!

NEAR NASA'S SPRAWLING MISSILE BASE, OTHER ROCKETEERS WORK FOR ANOTHER "VITAL" LAUNCH...
BOOSTER CHARGE--A-OKAY!
ALL SYSTEMS--GO!
THEN, LET'S DUCK INTO THE BUNKER AND GET THIS BIRD FLYING!
PETER, DID YOU CLEAR THIS LAUNCH WITH YOUR FATHER?
YES! THEY HAVE A ROCKET GOING OFF IN AN HOUR AT THE BASE BACK THERE! DAD SAID WE SHOULD MONITOR WIND CURRENTS ON OUR BIRD--MIGHT EVEN HELP THEM!
DUCKING INTO THEIR SIMPLE BUNKER, THE THREE TEEN-AGERS MAKE A FAST SAFETY CHECK OF ALL SYSTEMS AND THE PLANNED TRAJECTORY...
SHE'S SAFE TO GO! COUNTING AT EIGHT...
...SEVEN... SIX..., FIVE...FOUR ...THREE...TWO...
STOP! DON'T LAUNCH HER! SOMETHING IS FLYING RIGHT OVER HER!

INSTANTLY, THE HAND-MADE ROCKET BLASTS SKYWARD! THE ELECTRIC CURRENT COURSING THROUGH THE LAUNCH PAD HAS SENT THE BOYS' MISSILE HURTLING UPWARD WITH AMAZING SPEED...



SUDDENLY, THREE SEARCHING PAIRS OF EYES FOCUS IN HORRIFIED FASCINATION ON THE OBJECT DIRECTLY IN THEIR ROCKET'S TRAJECTORY! THE BLURRED SHADOW OVER THE MISSILE BASE NOW RESOLVES INTO A NEARLY STATIONARY, HOVERING, ALIEN, FLYING OBJECT...



CLANG!
THEN, BEFORE THEIR ASTOUNDED GAZE, THEIR RACING ROCKET SLAMS INTO THE HOVERING CRAFT! THERE IS A SPARK, THE FLASH OF METAL MEETING METAL, AS THE ROCKET STRIKES WITH DRIVING FURY...

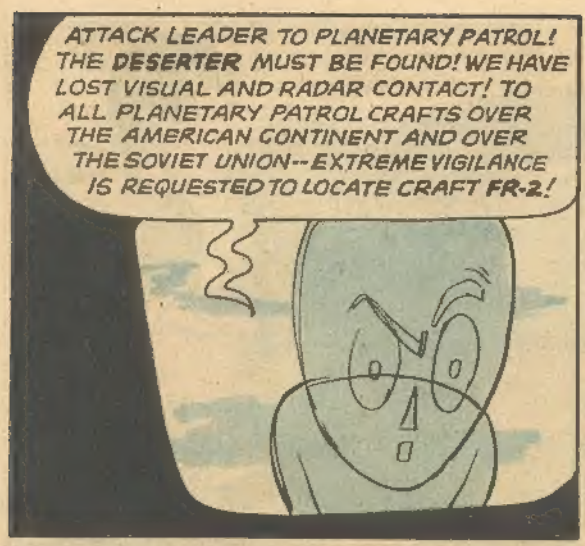
SHE'S A BEAUTY!
SHE'S JUST DENTED A LITTLE! MAYBE WE'RE IN LUCK AND WE DIDN'T REALLY DAMAGE HER TOO MUCH!

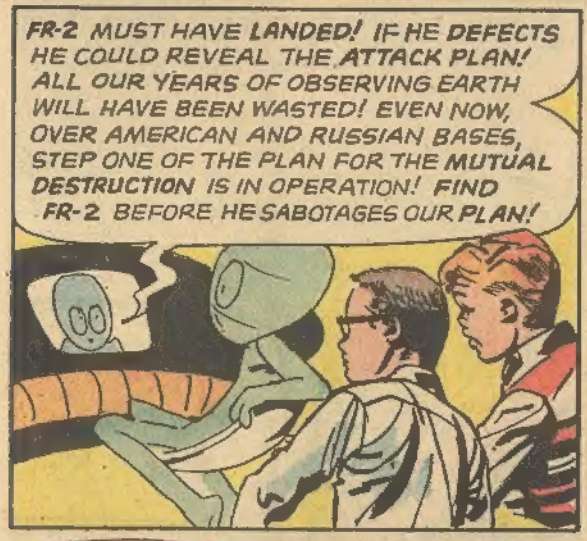
SUDDENLY, THE APPROACHING BOYS FREEZE IN THEIR TRACKS! THE SILENT, DOWNED CRAFT HUMS LOWLY AND A HATCH MYSTERIOULY SWINGS OPEN...
D-DID YOU SEE WHAT I SAW?

CAUTIOUSLY, THEY NEAR THE CRAFT! THE HUMMING STOPS AND THE METAL FORM RESTS MOTIONLESS ON THE SIMMERING SAND...
NOTHING'S HAPPENING! BUT IT'S KIND OF CREEPY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
WAIT! IF IT HAS A HATCH, SOMETHING MUST BE INSIDE! I'LL TAKE A LOOK!

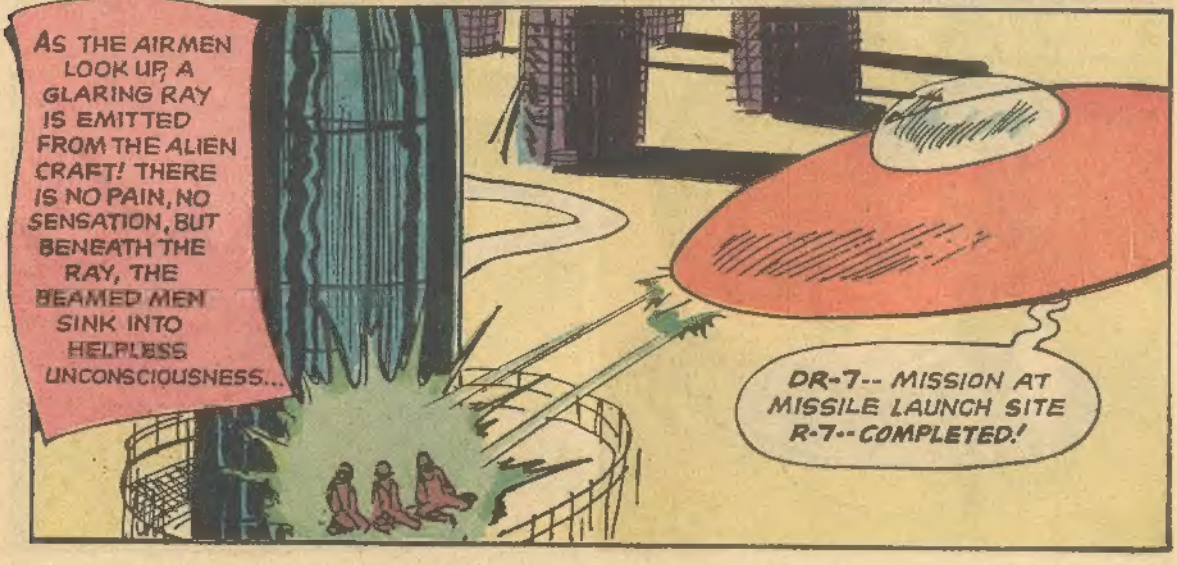
THE SON OF A SCIENTIST, PETER NORTON STEELS HIMSELF AND BELLIES FORWARD! THE HATCH IS LARGE ENOUGH, AND HE WIGGLES IN! AHEAD, ONLY SILENCE AND SHADOWS! THEN HIS EYES ADJUST TO THE DARK, AS HE GASPS...
N-NO--I'M IMAGINING IT! BUT IT CAN'T BE REAL!
WHAT IS IT, PETER? WHAT DO YOU SEE?

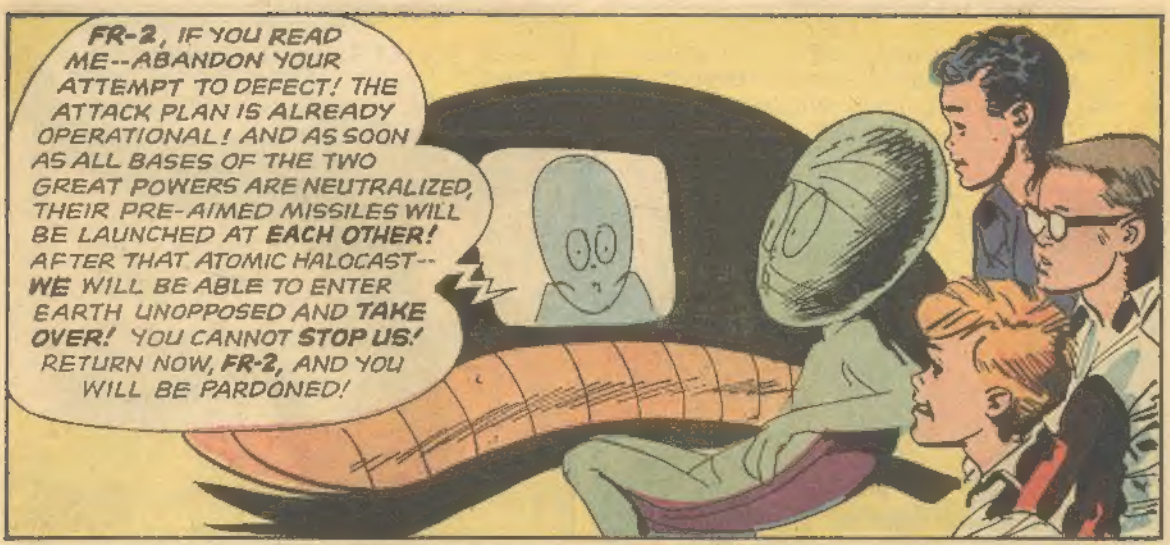
IN THE CRAFT'S GRIMLY STILL INTERIOR, PETER'S EYES LOCK WITH HELPLESS ASTONISHMENT ON THE MOTIONLESS BODY BY THE CONTROLS! THE FEATURELESS FACE REVEALS NOT THE SLIGHTEST FLICKER OF LIFE, WHILE ALL ABOUT IT ARE THE TRAPPINGS OF AN INCREDIBLY ADVANCED SPACE TECHNOLOGY...
FRED! ANDY! THERE'S SOMEONE IN HERE--SOMEONE FROM ANOTHER WORLD! COME ON IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES!
LET'S GO, FRED! BUT I'LL BET HE'S KIDDING! THIS MUST BE ONE OF OUR EXPERIMENTAL SPACE CRAFT!
A MOMENT LATER, THREE AMAZED BOYS STARE ABOUT THE ALIEN CABIN! THEN, THERE IS A STRANGE SOUND...
LOOK! THAT PANEL'S LIGHTING UP!
BUZZZT!
FREEP! BZZT!
COME ON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
NO! NOT TILL WE SEE WHAT COMES ON THAT SCREEN!


ATTACK LEADER TO PLANETARY PATROL! THE DESERTER MUST BE FOUND! WE HAVE LOST VISUAL AND RADAR CONTACT! TO ALL PLANETARY PATROL CRAFTS OVER THE AMERICAN CONTINENT AND OVER THE SOVIET UNION--EXTREME VIGILANCE IS REQUESTED TO LOCATE CRAFT FR-2!


FR-2 MUST HAVE LANDED! IF HE DEFECTS HE COULD REVEAL THE ATTACK PLAN! ALL OUR YEARS OF OBSERVING EARTH WILL HAVE BEEN WASTED! EVEN NOW, OVER AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN BASES, STEP ONE OF THE PLAN FOR THE MUTUAL DESTRUCTION IS IN OPERATION! FIND FR-2 BEFORE HE SABOTAGES OUR PLAN!

OVER A NEARBY AIR FORCE MISSILE BASE, WHERE NUCLEAR TIPPED WAR ROCKETS REST, STARTLED AIRMEN GAZE SKYWARD...


AS THE AIRMEN LOOK UP, A GLARING RAY IS EMITTED FROM THE ALIEN CRAFT! THERE IS NO PAIN, NO SENSATION, BUT BENEATH THE RAY, THE BEAMED MEN SINK INTO HELPLESS UNCONSCIOUSNESS...
DR-7-- MISSION AT MISSILE LAUNCH SITE R-7--COMPLETED!


FR-2, IF YOU READ ME--ABANDON YOUR ATTEMPT TO DEFECT! THE ATTACK PLAN IS ALREADY OPERATIONAL! AND AS SOON AS ALL BASES OF THE TWO GREAT POWERS ARE NEUTRALIZED, THEIR PRE-AIMED MISSILES WILL BE LAUNCHED AT EACH OTHER! AFTER THAT ATOMIC HALOCAST--WE WILL BE ABLE TO ENTER EARTH UNOPPOSED AND TAKE OVER! YOU CANNOT STOP US! RETURN NOW, FR-2, AND YOU WILL BE PARDONED!

HALF-WAY AROUND THE GLOBE, IN A RUSSIAN WAR ROOM, A TOP SECRET RADAR SIGHTING IS RUSHED TO THE MILITARY PLANNERS...

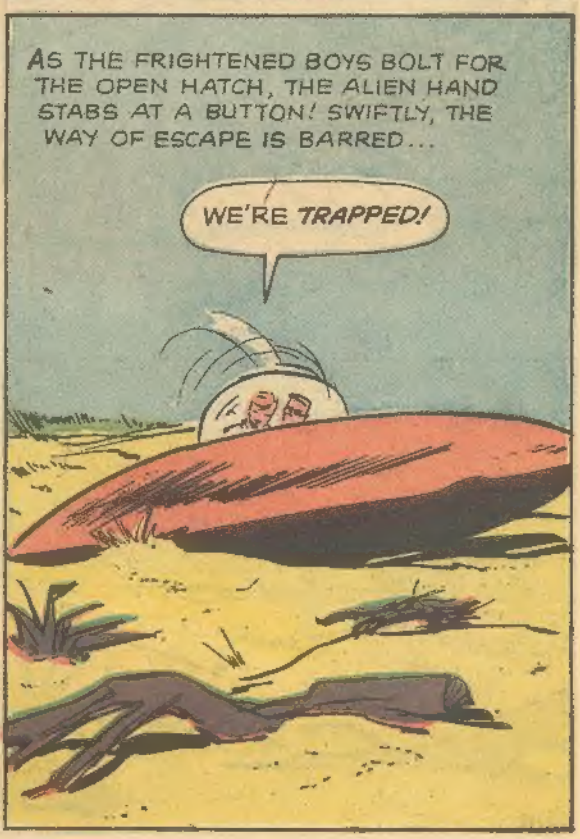
UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS ARE BEING SPOTTED ON RADAR OVER OUR MISSILE BASES!
ALERT ALL DEFENSE CREWS! THIS COULD BE THE PRELUDE TO AN IMPERIALIST ATTACK!

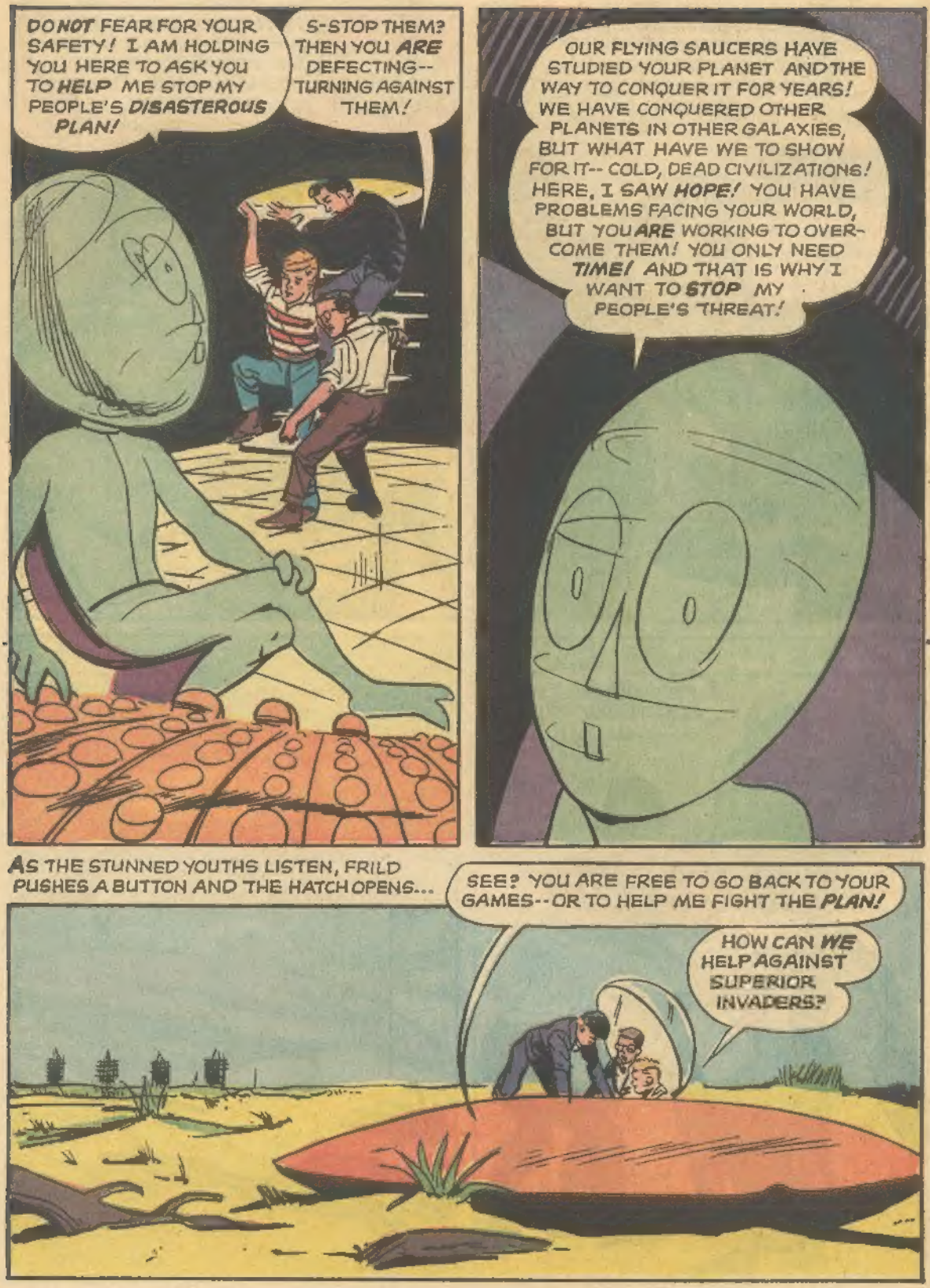
BUT EVEN AS THE ALERT IS SOUNDED OVER MISSILE BASES DEEP IN THE HEARTLANDS OF RUSSIA, THE FOREIGN FLYING SAUCERS HOVER, BLASTING THEIR PARALYZING BEAM ON THE DEFENDERS BELOW...

MORE REPORTS ARE COMING IN! THE PLAN CANNOT BE HALTED! FR-2, THIS WILL BE YOUR LAST CHANCE FOR A PARDON-- CALL IN!

CAN IT BE TRUE?
HOW COULD THEY TAKE OVER OUR MISSILE BASES? WE'VE RADAR, SECURITY GUARDS--NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

WHAT YOU HEARD--IS TRUE!
HE'S ALIVE! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!


AS THE FRIGHTENED BOYS BOLT FOR THE OPEN HATCH, THE ALIEN HAND STABS AT A BUTTON! SWIFTLY, THE WAY OF ESCAPE IS BARRED...
WE'RE TRAPPED!


DO NOT FEAR FOR YOUR SAFETY! I AM HOLDING YOU HERE TO ASK YOU TO HELP ME STOP MY PEOPLE'S DISASTEROUS PLAN!
S-STOP THEM? THEN YOU ARE DEFECTING--TURNING AGAINST THEM!
OUR FLYING SAUCERS HAVE STUDIED YOUR PLANET AND THE WAY TO CONQUER IT FOR YEARS! WE HAVE CONQUERED OTHER PLANETS IN OTHER GALAXIES, BUT WHAT HAVE WE TO SHOW FOR IT-- COLD, DEAD CIVILIZATIONS! HERE, I SAW HOPE! YOU HAVE PROBLEMS FACING YOUR WORLD, BUT YOU ARE WORKING TO OVERCOME THEM! YOU ONLY NEED TIME! AND THAT IS WHY I WANT TO STOP MY PEOPLE'S THREAT!
AS THE STUNNED YOUTHS LISTEN, FRILD PUSHES A BUTTON AND THE HATCH OPENS...
SEE? YOU ARE FREE TO GO BACK TO YOUR GAMES--OR TO HELP ME FIGHT THE PLAN!
HOW CAN WE HELP AGAINST SUPERIOR INVADERS?

THE INVADERS LAND

THE OUTER LIMITS

THREE BOYS EXCHANGE WORRIED GLANCES OF WONDER! HOW CAN THEY FACE THE PLANETARY THREAT THAT MENACES LIFE ON EARTH? HOW CAN THEY HOPE TO STOP THE PLAN OF A SCIENTIFICALLY SUPERIOR RACE? THEY EVEN BEGIN TO QUESTION THEIR OWN EXPERIENCE--IS IT ***REAL?*** BUT THE REALITY OF THE LANDED SAUCER, THE PRESENCE OF THE STRANGE ALIEN--THESE CANNOT BE DENIED! NOR CAN THEY DENY THE URGENCY OF THE MENACE...

MY FATHER--HE HEADS UP THE SPACE TEAM AT ***NASA!*** MAYBE ***HE*** CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT WE CAN DO!

BETWEEN US, WE ***MUST!*** LET US FIND HIM--QUICKLY!

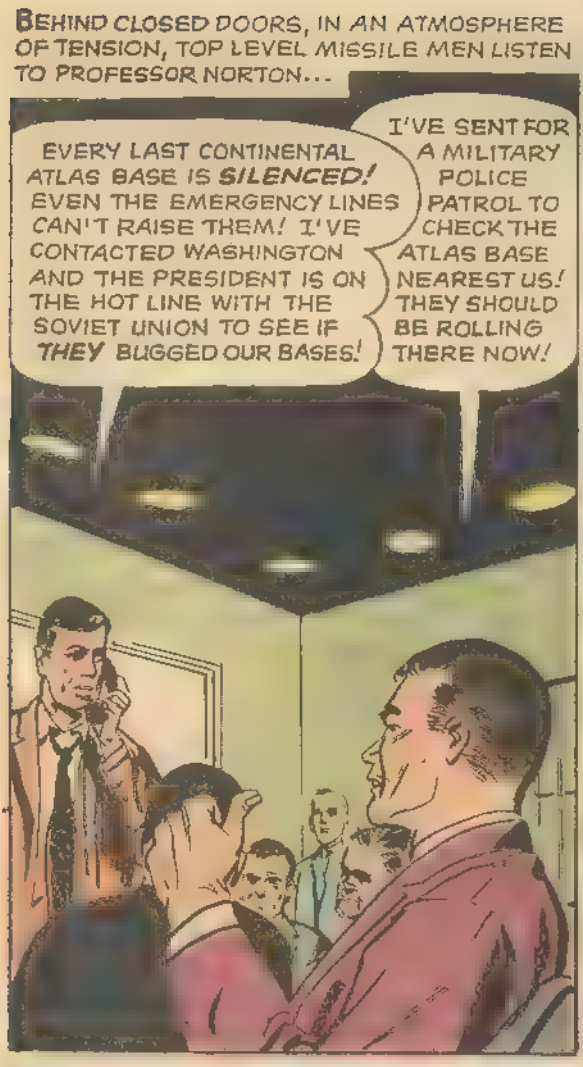
ANDY, STAY HERE! WATCH THE SHIP! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, CONTACT ME WITH YOUR WALKIE-TALKIE!

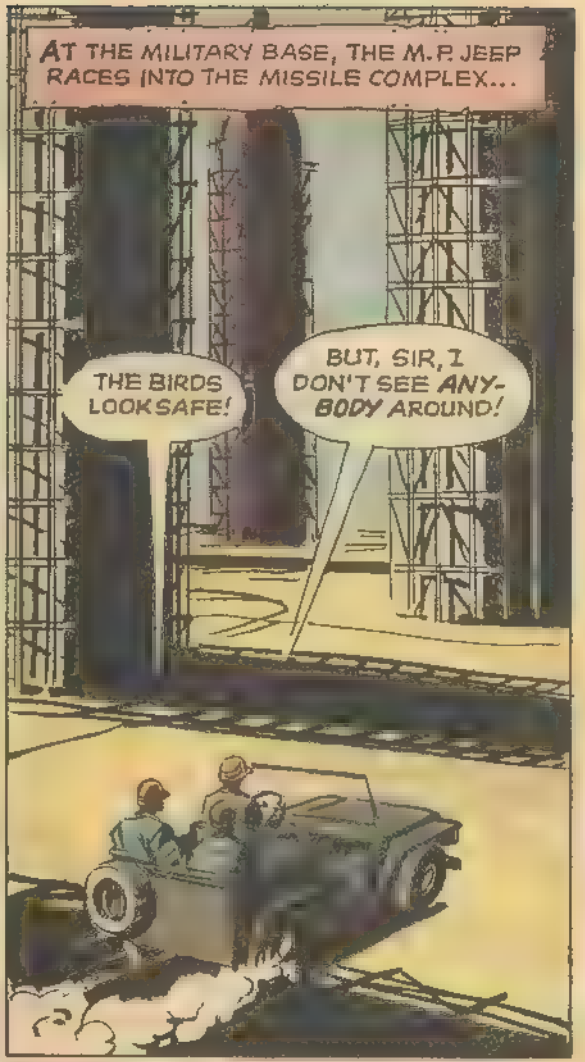
GEE, THANKS A LOT! IT'LL BE REAL FUN S-STAYING BY THE FLYING SAUCER THAT THE ENEMY IS LOOKING FOR! AND IF ***THEY*** COME--

QUICKLY THEY LEAD FRILD TO THE ***NASA*** COMPOUND! HIDING HIM OUTSIDE, PETER RUSHES FOR HIS FATHER'S OFFICE...

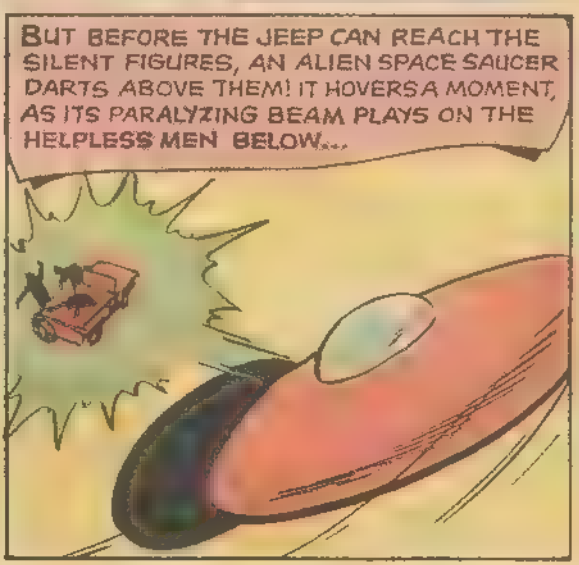
BUT YOU KNOW ME! I MUST SEE MY FATHER!

SORRY, PETER! HE'S IN AN ***EMERGENCY*** CONFERENCE! HE ***CAN'T*** BE DISTURBED!

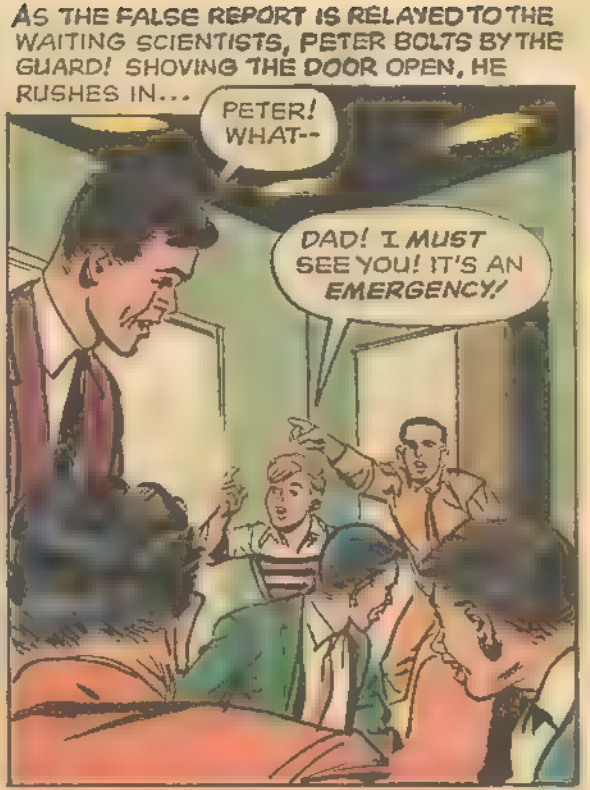

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS, IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF TENSION, TOP LEVEL MISSILE MEN LISTEN TO PROFESSOR NORTON...
EVERY LAST CONTINENTAL ATLAS BASE IS SILENCED! EVEN THE EMERGENCY LINES CAN'T RAISE THEM! I'VE CONTACTED WASHINGTON AND THE PRESIDENT IS ON THE HOT LINE WITH THE SOVIET UNION TO SEE IF THEY BUGGED OUR BASES!
I'VE SENT FOR A MILITARY POLICE PATROL TO CHECK THE ATLAS BASE NEAREST US! THEY SHOULD BE ROLLING THERE NOW!

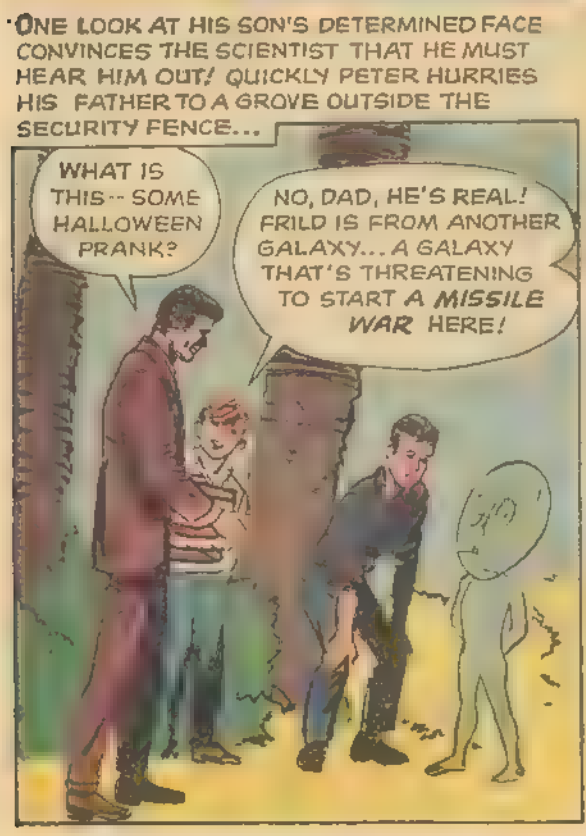

AT THE MILITARY BASE, THE M.P. JEEP RACES INTO THE MISSILE COMPLEX...
THE BIRDS LOOK SAFE!
BUT, SIR, I DON'T SEE ANY-BODY AROUND!

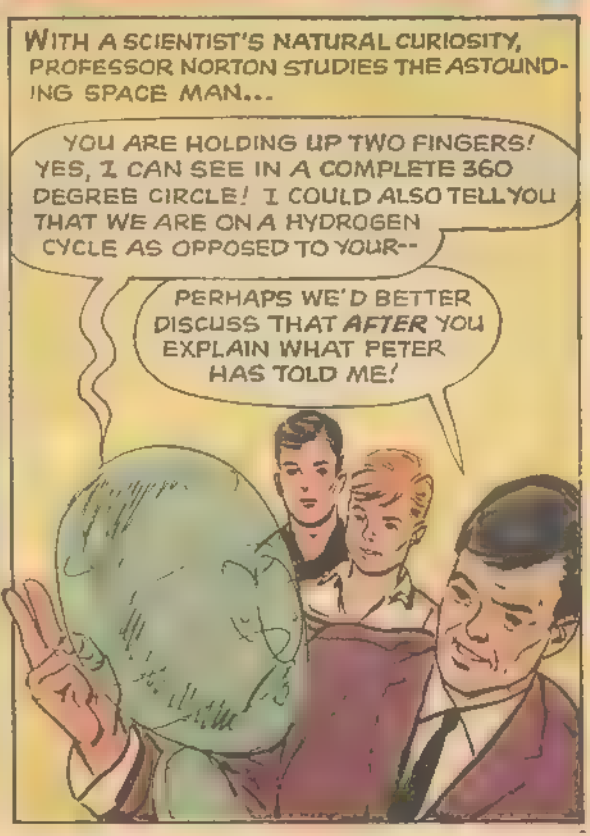
THERE'S A MISSILE CREW! ARE THEY DEAD OR--
LET'S CHECK! THIS MAKES NO SENSE!

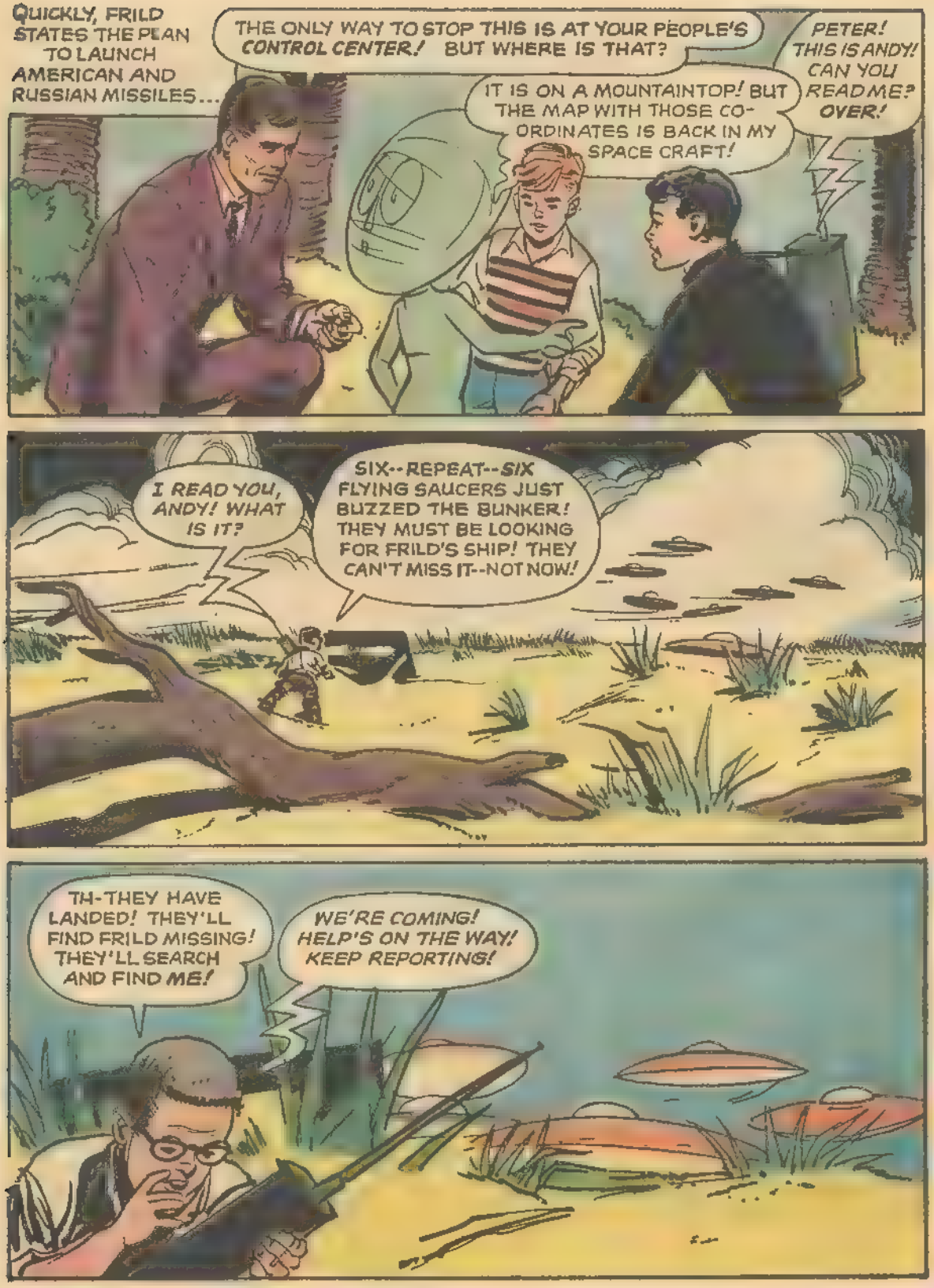

BUT BEFORE THE JEEP CAN REACH THE SILENT FIGURES, AN ALIEN SPACE SAUCER DARTS ABOVE THEM! IT HOVERS A MOMENT, AS ITS PARALYZING BEAM PLAYS ON THE HELPLESS MEN BELOW...

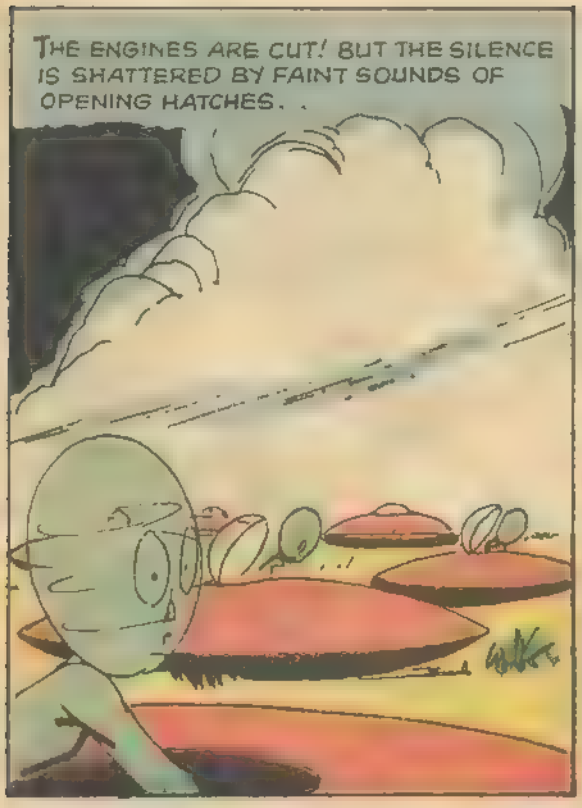
THE SAUCER LANDS! OUT OF IT EMERGES A PURPOSEFUL ALIEN! AND AS THE JEEP'S RADIO SIGNALS, A MOCKING VOICE REPLIES...
M.P. BASE TO JEEP FOUR-- OVER!
JEEP FOUR TO BASE! MISSILE CENTER OKAY! JUST COMMUNICATIONS FAILURE! ALL IS SECURE-- REPEAT-- SECURE!


AS THE FALSE REPORT IS RELAYED TO THE WAITING SCIENTISTS, PETER BOLTS BY THE GUARD! SHOVING THE DOOR OPEN, HE RUSHES IN...
PETER! WHAT--
DAD! I MUST SEE YOU! IT'S AN EMERGENCY!

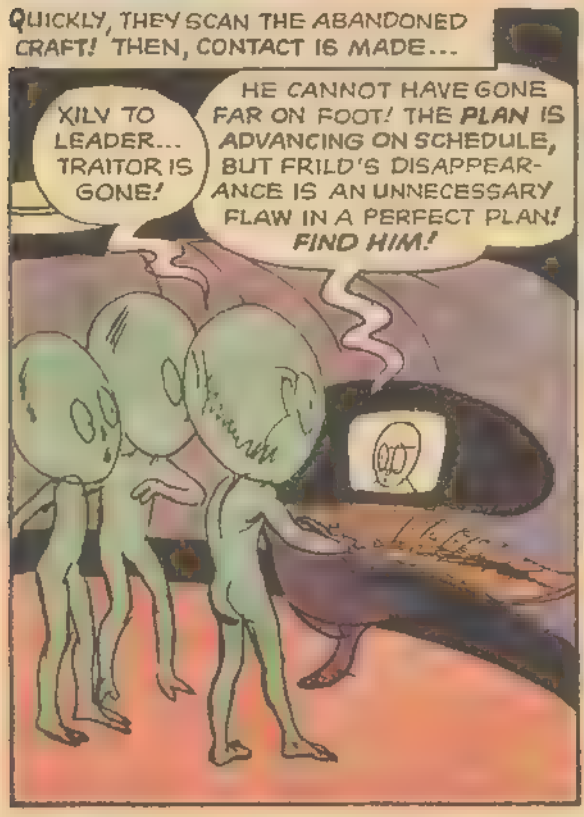

ONE LOOK AT HIS SON'S DETERMINED FACE CONVINCES THE SCIENTIST THAT HE MUST HEAR HIM OUT! QUICKLY PETER HURRIES HIS FATHER TO A GROVE OUTSIDE THE SECURITY FENCE...
WHAT IS THIS-- SOME HALLOWEEN PRANK?
NO, DAD, HE'S REAL! FRILD IS FROM ANOTHER GALAXY... A GALAXY THAT'S THREATENING TO START A MISSILE WAR HERE!


WITH A SCIENTIST'S NATURAL CURIOSITY, PROFESSOR NORTON STUDIES THE ASTOUNDING SPACE MAN...
YOU ARE HOLDING UP TWO FINGERS! YES, I CAN SEE IN A COMPLETE 360 DEGREE CIRCLE! I COULD ALSO TELL YOU THAT WE ARE ON A HYDROGEN CYCLE AS OPPOSED TO YOUR--
PERHAPS WE'D BETTER DISCUSS THAT AFTER YOU EXPLAIN WHAT PETER HAS TOLD ME!

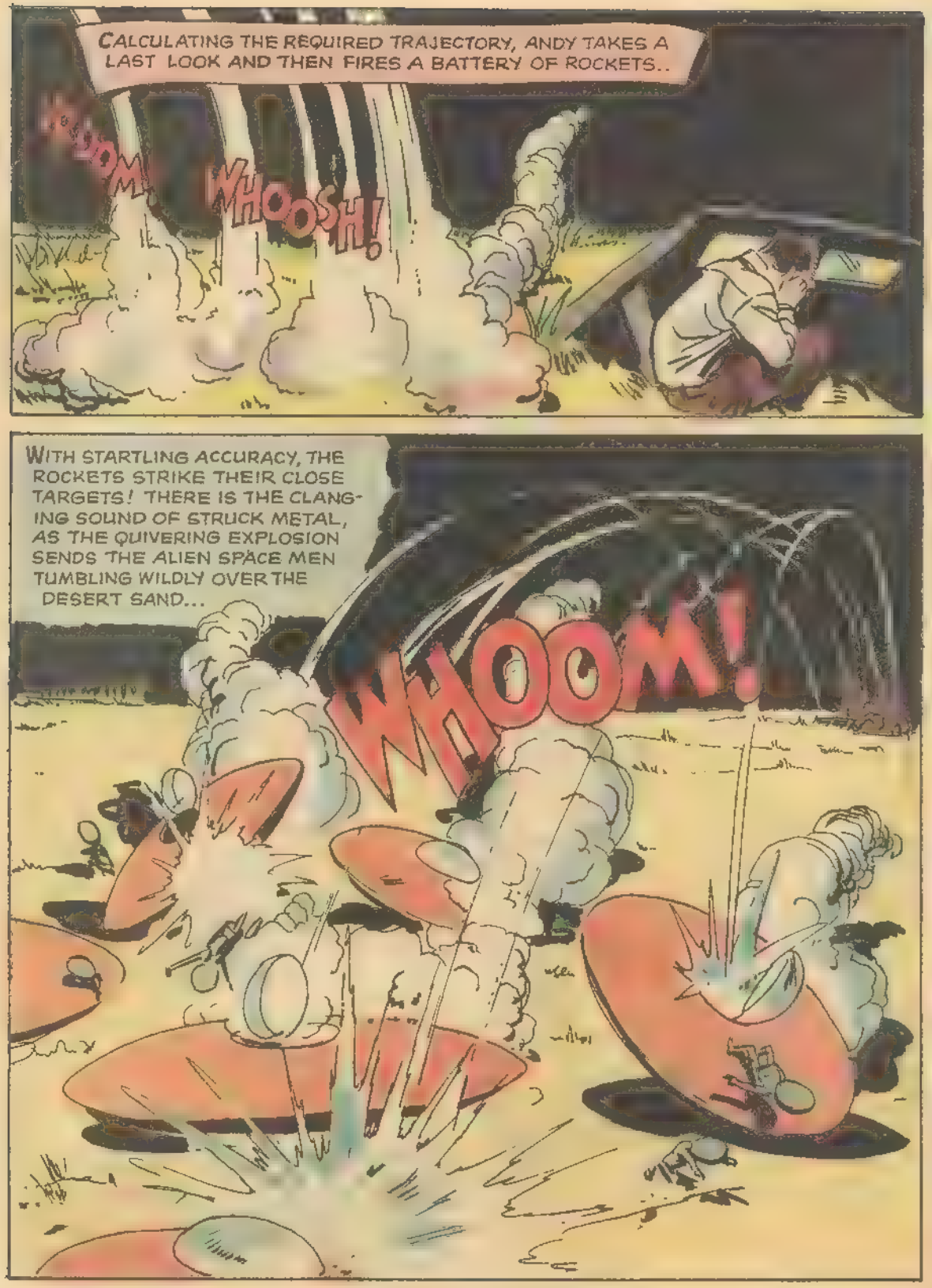

QUICKLY, FRILD STATES THE PLAN TO LAUNCH AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN MISSILES...
THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THIS IS AT YOUR PEOPLE'S CONTROL CENTER! BUT WHERE IS THAT?
IT IS ON A MOUNTAINTOP! BUT THE MAP WITH THOSE CO-ORDINATES IS BACK IN MY SPACE CRAFT!
PETER! THIS IS ANDY! CAN YOU READ ME? OVER!
I READ YOU, ANDY! WHAT IS IT?
SIX--REPEAT--SIX FLYING SAUCERS JUST BUZZED THE BUNKER! THEY MUST BE LOOKING FOR FRILD'S SHIP! THEY CAN'T MISS IT--NOT NOW!
TH-THEY HAVE LANDED! THEY'LL FIND FRILD MISSING! THEY'LL SEARCH AND FIND ME!
WE'RE COMING! HELP'S ON THE WAY! KEEP REPORTING!


THE ENGINES ARE CUT! BUT THE SILENCE IS SHATTERED BY FAINT SOUNDS OF OPENING HATCHES. .

OUT OF EACH SHIP COME THE ALIEN WARRIORS! THEIR FEATURELESS FACES SEEM TO SMOULDER WITH BALEFUL HOSTILITY, AS THEY START ANGRILY FOR THE DEFECTOR'S SHIP...


QUICKLY, THEY SCAN THE ABANDONED CRAFT! THEN, CONTACT IS MADE...
XILV TO LEADER... TRAITOR IS GONE!
HE CANNOT HAVE GONE FAR ON FOOT! THE PLAN IS ADVANCING ON SCHEDULE, BUT FRILD'S DISAPPEARANCE IS AN UNNECESSARY FLAW IN A PERFECT PLAN! FIND HIM!

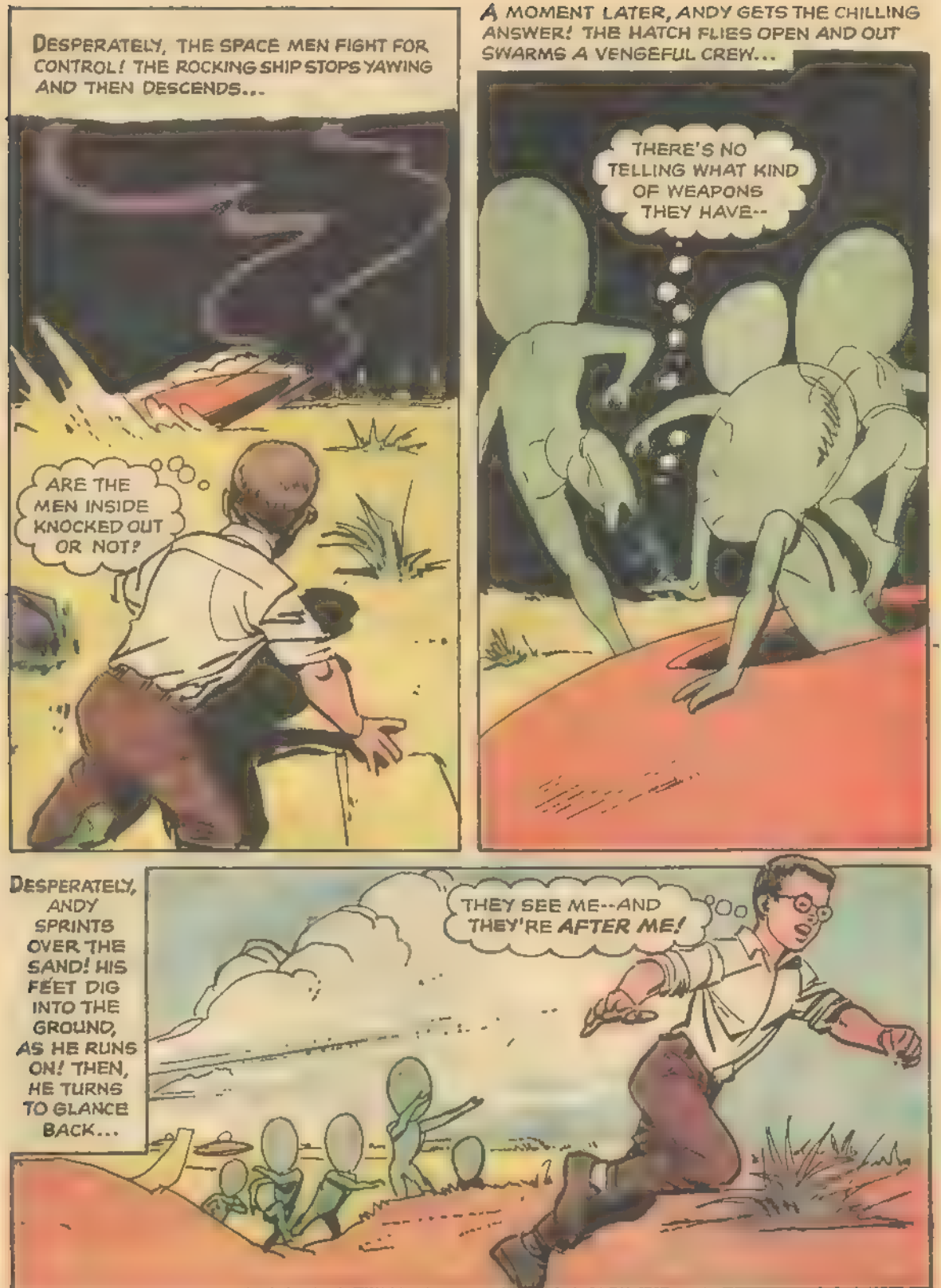
THEN, ANDY TURNS FRIGHT INTO ACTION! AS THE ALIENS GATHER AROUND FRILD'S SAUCER, HE SCURRIES ABOUT THE BUNKER SETTING UP ROCKETS...
THERE! THEY'RE WIRED FOR FIRING! NOW, IF I'VE JUST BEEN ABLE TO AIM THEM RIGHT--


CALCULATING THE REQUIRED TRAJECTORY, ANDY TAKES A LAST LOOK AND THEN FIRES A BATTERY OF ROCKETS..
WHOOSH!
WITH STARTLING ACCURACY, THE ROCKETS STRIKE THEIR CLOSE TARGETS! THERE IS THE CLANGING SOUND OF STRUCK METAL, AS THE QUIVERING EXPLOSION SENDS THE ALIEN SPACE MEN TUMBLING WILDLY OVER THE DESERT SAND...
WHOOM!

AS THE DUST CLEARS, THE ALIENS SEE THEIR WRECKED SPACE CRAFT! DIZZY, DAZED, BUT NOT DEFEATED, THE SHAKEN BUT UNHARMED SPACE MEN RALLY.

ANDY MAKES A DARING, SNAP DECISION! THE FLYING SAUCER IS BOUND TO SIGHT HIM, BUT TO DO THAT, THE CRAFT WILL HAVE TO SKIM OVER THE BUNKER! HE SETS UP HIS LAST ROCKET QUICKLY! AS THE FLYING SAUCER ZOOMS CLOSER, ANDY REVEALS HIMSELF! THE CRAFT CHANGES COURSE, AS SUDDENLY, ANDY LAUNCHES THE REMAINING ROCKET...

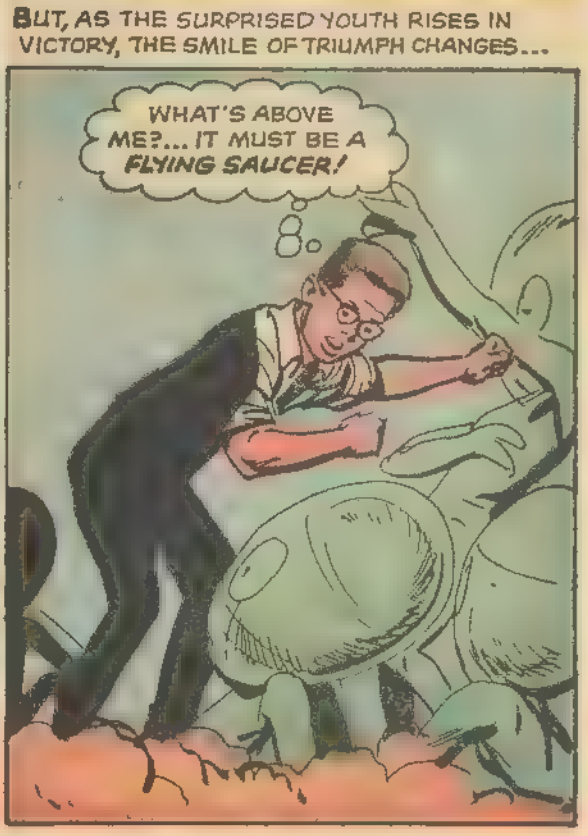
THE ROCKET BLASTS SKYWARD, STRIKING THE SAUCER A GLANCING BLOW...

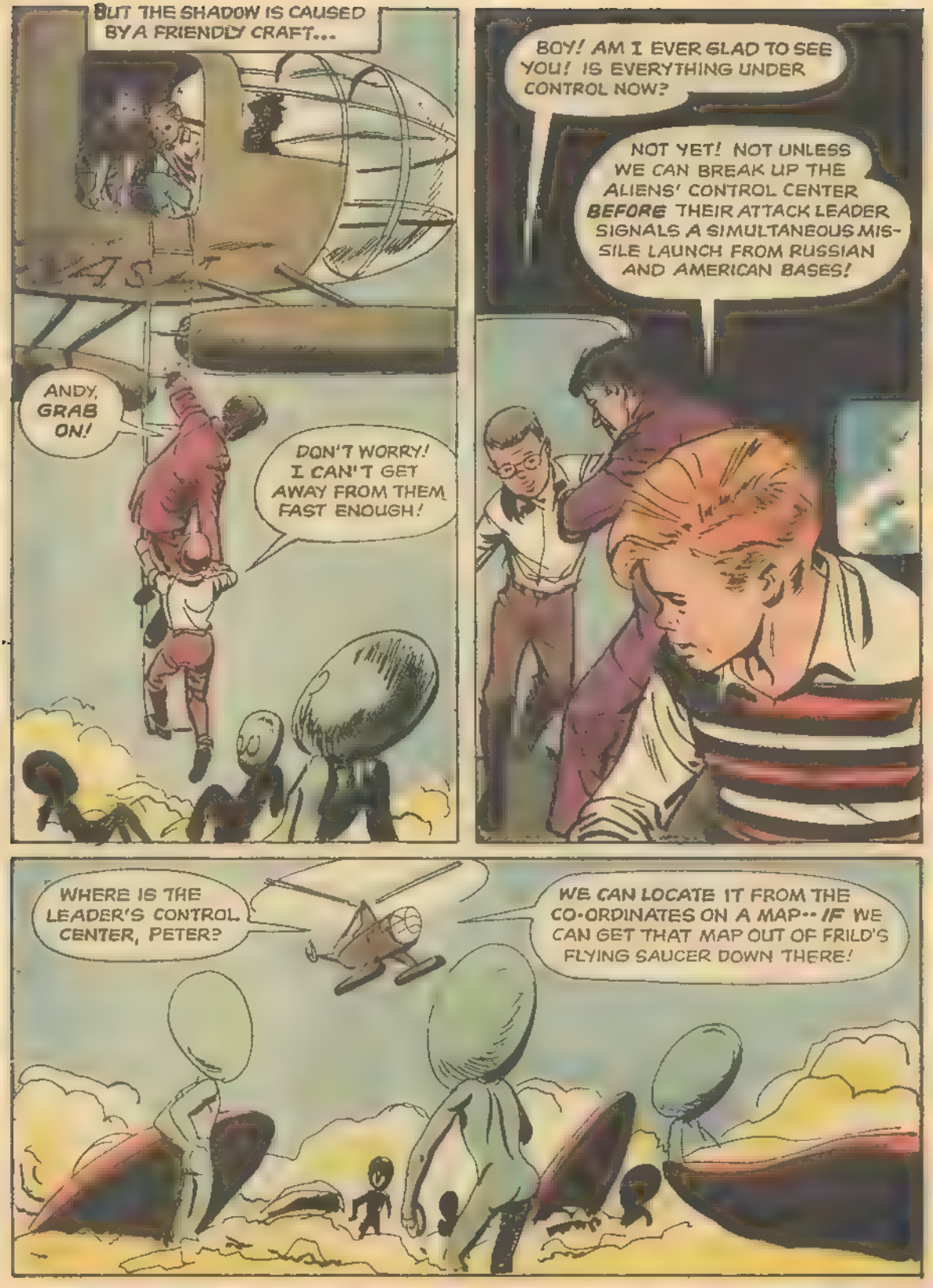

DESPERATELY, THE SPACE MEN FIGHT FOR CONTROL! THE ROCKING SHIP STOPS YAWING AND THEN DESCENDS...
ARE THE MEN INSIDE KNOCKED OUT OR NOT?
A MOMENT LATER, ANDY GETS THE CHILLING ANSWER! THE HATCH FLIES OPEN AND OUT SWARMS A VENGEFUL CREW...
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT KIND OF WEAPONS THEY HAVE--
DESPERATELY, ANDY SPRINTS OVER THE SAND! HIS FEET DIG INTO THE GROUND, AS HE RUNS ON! THEN, HE TURNS TO GLANCE BACK...
THEY SEE ME--AND THEY'RE AFTER ME!

BUT AS ANDY RACES ON, HIS FOOT TWISTS IN THE SOFT SAND...
H-HELP!!

BEFORE HE CAN RISE, FOUR OF THE ALIEN CREATURES ARE UPON HIM! COLD, CLAMMY, BLOODLESS HANDS TOUCH HIS FRIGHTENED FLESH...

PANICKED, THE TEEN-AGER BUCKS AND TURNS WILDLY! THEN, TO HIS AMAZEMENT, THE SMALL CREATURES FALL BACK...
GOSH! ONCE THEY ARE OUT OF THEIR SHIPS, IN A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT--THEY AREN'T A MATCH, EVEN FOR ME!


BUT, AS THE SURPRISED YOUTH RISES IN VICTORY, THE SMILE OF TRIUMPH CHANGES...
WHAT'S ABOVE ME?... IT MUST BE A FLYING SAUCER!


BUT THE SHADOW IS CAUSED BY A FRIENDLY CRAFT...
ANDY, GRAB ON!
DON'T WORRY! I CAN'T GET AWAY FROM THEM FAST ENOUGH!
BOY! AM I EVER GLAD TO SEE YOU! IS EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL NOW?
NOT YET! NOT UNLESS WE CAN BREAK UP THE ALIENS' CONTROL CENTER BEFORE THEIR ATTACK LEADER SIGNALS A SIMULTANEOUS MISSILE LAUNCH FROM RUSSIAN AND AMERICAN BASES!
WHERE IS THE LEADER'S CONTROL CENTER, PETER?
WE CAN LOCATE IT FROM THE CO-ORDINATES ON A MAP-- IF WE CAN GET THAT MAP OUT OF FRILD'S FLYING SAUCER DOWN THERE!

THE ALIENS ATTACK

THE 'COPTER SWINGS SWIFTLY ABOUT! CHURNING THE AIR, IT RACES BACK TO THE BATTERED FLYING SAUCERS THAT SPRAWL ACROSS THE SAND! BUT BY THEN, FIGURES STIR AND HOSTILE HEADS GAZE UP TOWARD THE ONCOMING 'COPTER...

T-THEY SEE US!

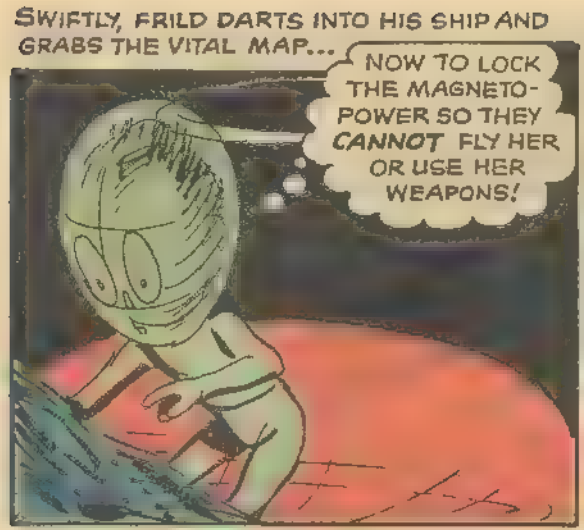
DO NOT WORRY! MY PEOPLE HAVE **NO** PORTABLE HAND WEAPONS AS YOU DO! WITH THEIR SHIPS POWERLESS, **THEY** CANNOT USE THEIR ELECTRO-ROCKETS OR SLEEP BEAM!

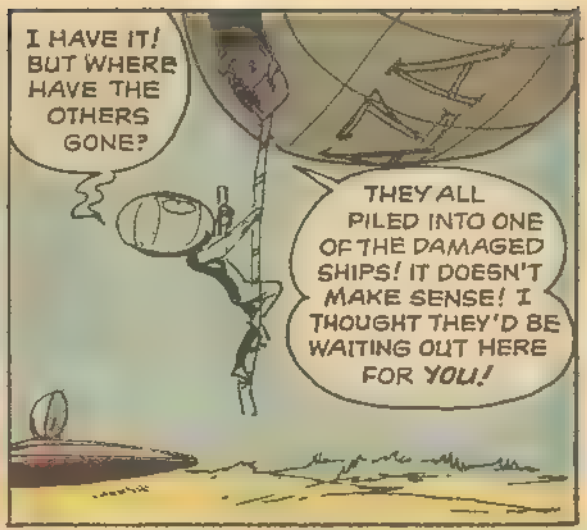
BUT **YOUR** SHIP'S STILL IN WORKING ORDER! SUPPOSE **THEY** TAKE HER UPAGAINST US?

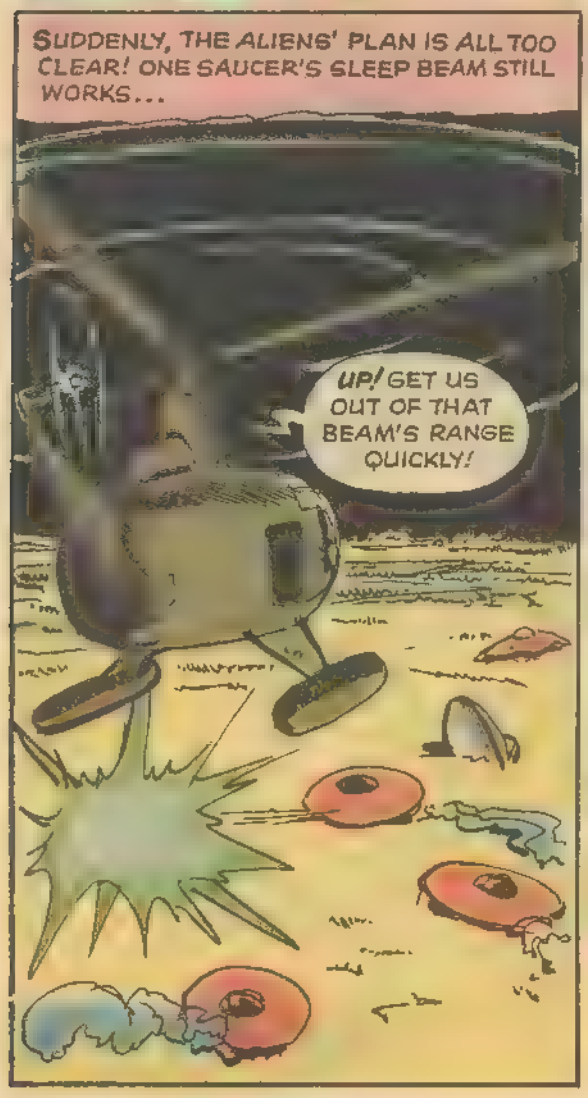
PETER'S FEARS ARE IMMEDIATELY REALIZED, AS THE SPACE MEN START FOR FRILD'S SAUCER! BUT BEFORE THEY CAN REACH IT, USING FULL ROTORS, THE PILOT CUTS LOW, AS THE BLASTING WIND BOWLS OVER THE ALIENS...

BEFORE THEY CAN RECOVER THE LADDER IS LOWERED AND FRILD LEAPS

THEY ARE GETTING UP, FRILD! **HURRY!**


SWIFTLY, FRILD DARTS INTO HIS SHIP AND GRABS THE VITAL MAP...
NOW TO LOCK THE MAGNETO-POWER SO THEY CANNOT FLY HER OR USE HER WEAPONS!

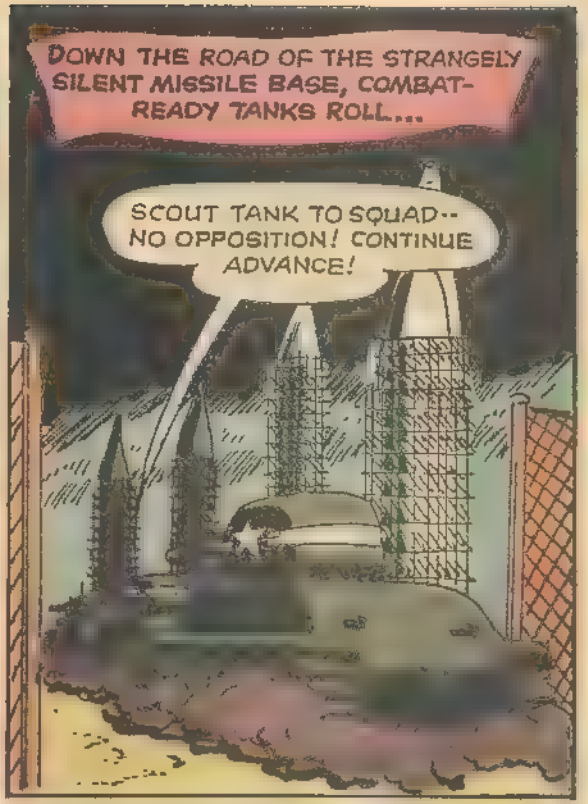

I HAVE IT! BUT WHERE HAVE THE OTHERS GONE?
THEY ALL PILED INTO ONE OF THE DAMAGED SHIPS! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! I THOUGHT THEY'D BE WAITING OUT HERE FOR YOU!


SUDDENLY, THE ALIENS' PLAN IS ALL TOO CLEAR! ONE SAUCER'S SLEEP BEAM STILL WORKS...
UP! GET US OUT OF THAT BEAM'S RANGE QUICKLY!

GIVING THE 'COPTER AN EMERGENCY BOOST, THE PILOT SENDS IT VAULTING HIGHER, AS THE POWERFUL BEAM CUTS THE AIR JUST BELOW...
CAN'T THEY AIM IT?
NO! IT IS ON A FIXED MOUNT! YOU AIM BY MANEUVERING THE SAUCER, BUT FORTUNATELY, THEY CANNOT MOVE THAT ONE! NOW HEAD FOR THE CONTROL CENTER!

SCANNING THE MAP CO-ORDINATES, THE PILOT CUTS FOR NEARBY ALIEN CONTROL CENTER, AS THE RADIO COMES ON...

PROFESSOR NORTON, WE HAVE ALERTED MILITARY COMMAND! TANKS ARE ROLLING INTO THE NEAREST MISSILE BASE TO CHECK THE SITUATION!
BOY, THAT SHOULD DO IT!


DOWN THE ROAD OF THE STRANGELY SILENT MISSILE BASE, COMBAT-READY TANKS ROLL....
SCOUT TANK TO SQUAD-- NO OPPOSITION! CONTINUE ADVANCE!

BUT AS THE TANKS RUMBLE ON, A FLYING SAUCER SUDDENLY SWOOPS CLOSE, HOVERS AND FOCUSES ITS PENETRATING BEAMS...

INSTANTLY, DRIVERS SLUMP AT THE CONTROLS, GUNNERS FALL BY THEIR FIRING CONTROLS AND THE LUMBERING METAL MONSTERS SMASH ON, UNGUIDED...

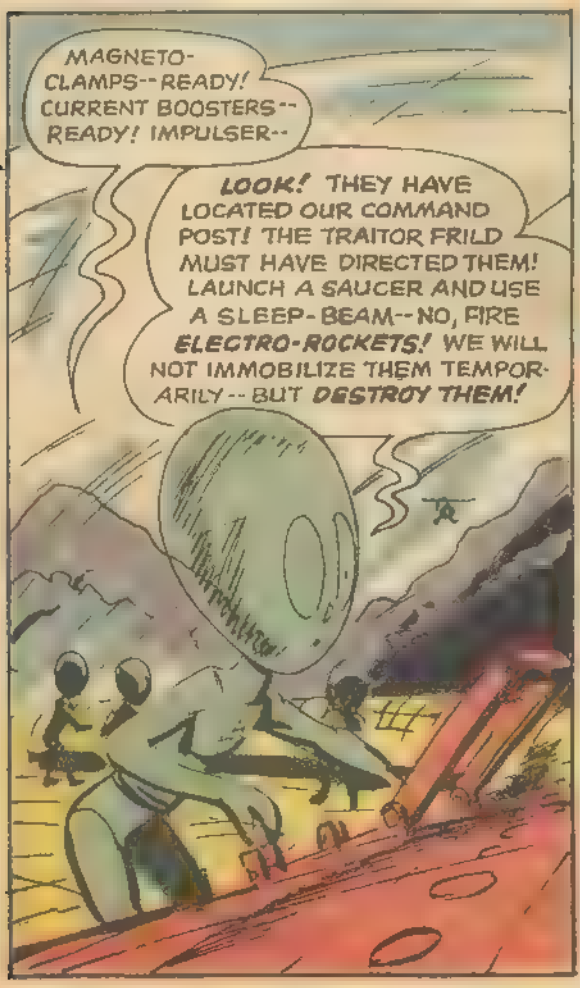
HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD, ALERTED BY THE HOT LINE FROM WASHINGTON, RUSSIAN COMBAT TEAMS RUSH INTO ACTION...
ALL ROCKETS-- FIRE!

THE SALVO OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT ROCKETS BLAST SKYWARD! BUT ONLY ONE FINDS ITS TARGET...
WHOOM!

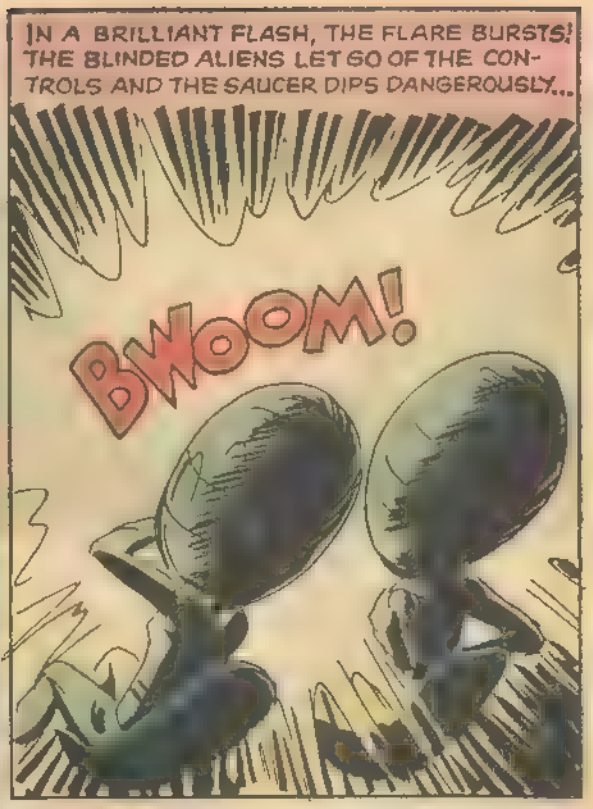
BEFORE THE RUSSIANS CAN FIRE A SECOND SALVO, ONE SAUCER SLIPS ABOVE THE CARRIER, ITS BEAM SPREADING OVER THE CREW...

MEANWHILE, THE COPTER WHIRLS ON...
LOOK THERE!
AT LAST, THE CONTROL CENTER!
BUT HOW DO WE CAPTURE IT BEFORE YOUR LEADER SETS OFF THE RUSSIAN AND OUR MISSILES?

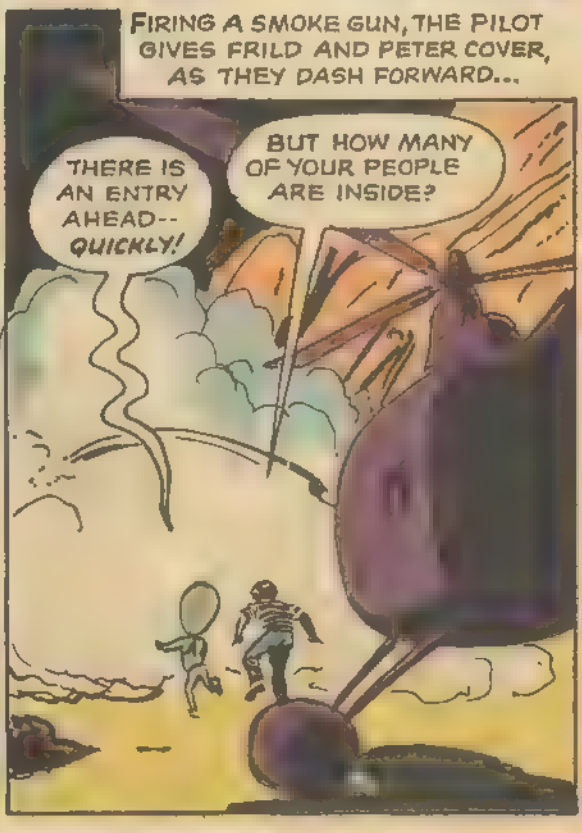
INSIDE THE CONTROL CENTER, THE ALIEN LEADER AND HIS TECHNICIANS CHECK ELECTRICAL CONTACTS, AS HE PREPARES FOR THE SIMULTANEOUS MISSILE LAUNCH...


MAGNETO-CLAMPS--READY! CURRENT BOOSTERS--READY! IMPULSER--
LOOK! THEY HAVE LOCATED OUR COMMAND POST! THE TRAITOR FRILD MUST HAVE DIRECTED THEM! LAUNCH A SAUCER AND USE A SLEEP-BEAM--NO, FIRE ELECTRO-ROCKETS! WE WILL NOT IMMOBILIZE THEM TEMPORARILY--BUT DESTROY THEM!

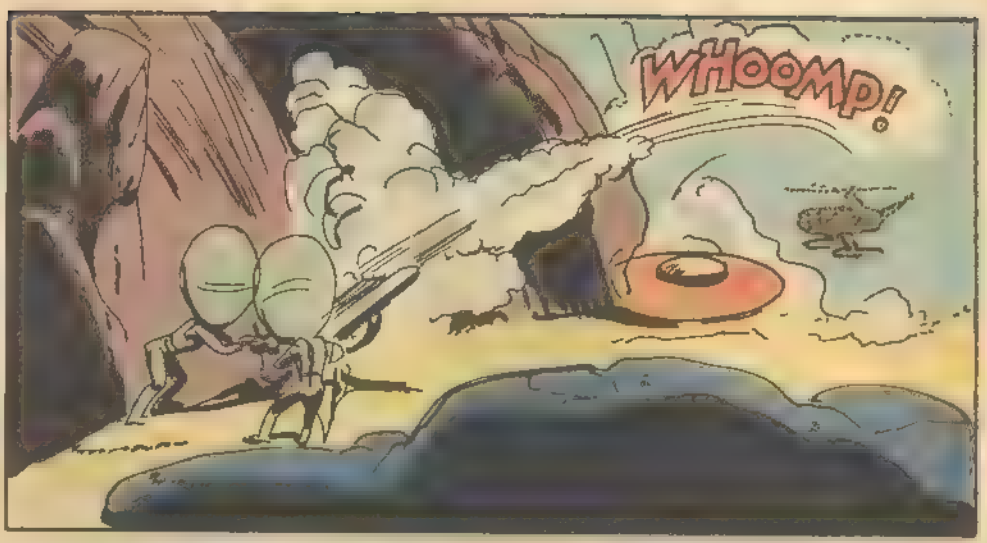
UNARMED, THE COPTER HOVERS HELPLESSLY, AS THE PILOT MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO STAVE OFF THE HOSTILE ATTACK...
LET'S SEE WHAT THIS *FLARE* CAN DO!


IN A BRILLIANT FLASH, THE FLARE BURSTS! THE BLINDED ALIENS LET GO OF THE CONTROLS AND THE SAUCER DIPS DANGEROUSLY...
BWOOM!

AS THE FIRST FLYING SAUCER CRASHES, THE 'COPTER LANDS...
THEY HAVEN'T MANNED THE SECOND BABY YET!
IF WE CAN JUST REACH THE CONTROL ROOM--WE MAY BE ABLE TO *WRECK* THE LAUNCH CONTROLS!

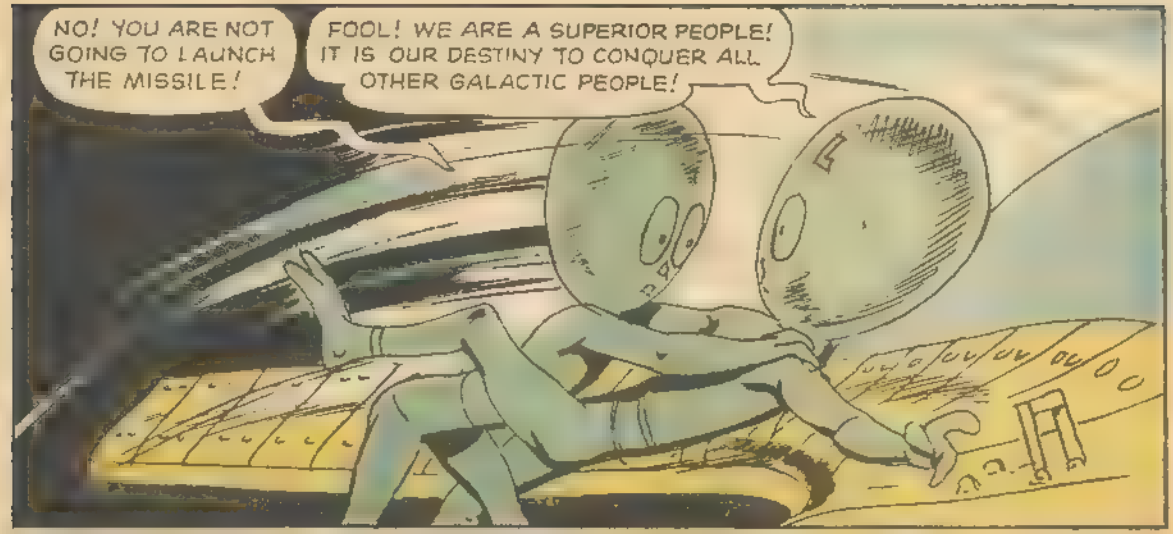

FIRING A SMOKE GUN, THE PILOT GIVES FRILD AND PETER COVER, AS THEY DASH FORWARD...
THERE IS AN ENTRY AHEAD-- *QUICKLY!*
BUT HOW MANY OF YOUR PEOPLE ARE INSIDE?

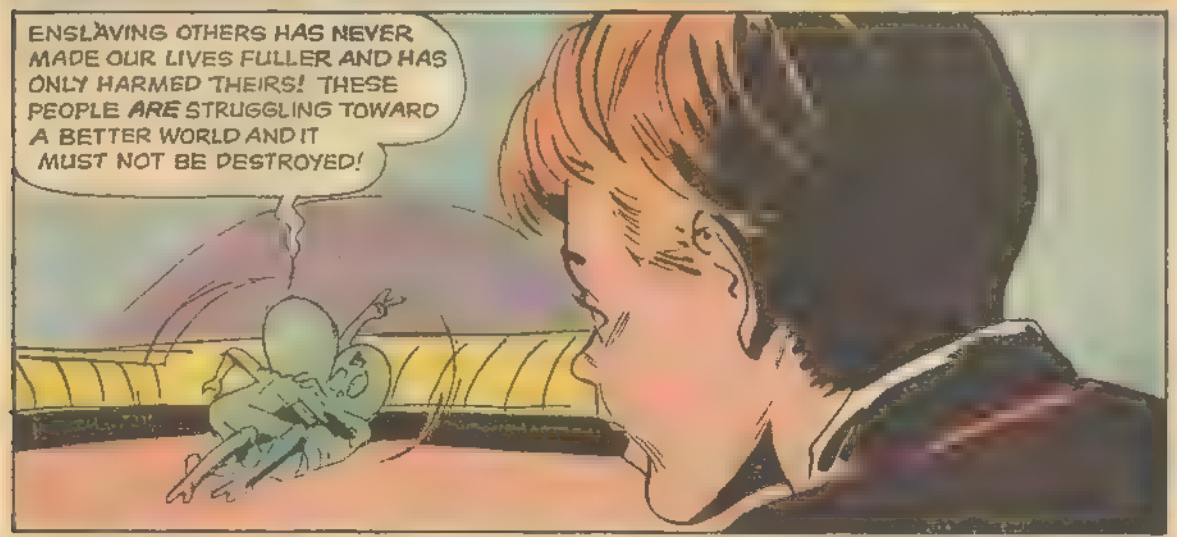
TWO ALIENS . MAN AN ELECTRO ROCKET-GUN REMOVED FROM ONE OF THE SAUCERS! THROUGH THE BILLOWING SMOKE SCREEN, THE SMALL, DEADLY MISSILES BLAST...



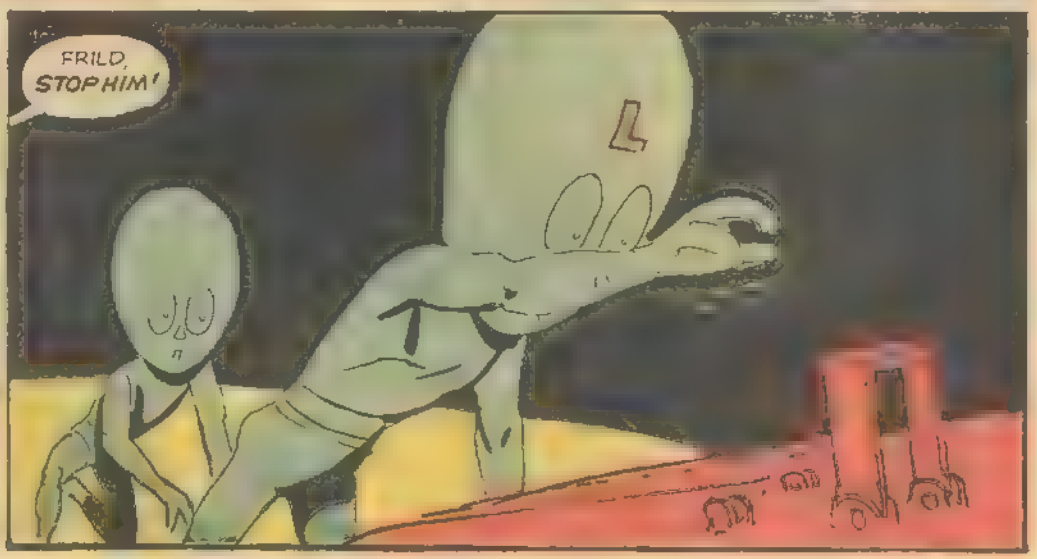
THE STACCATO PATTER OF STRIKING ROCKETS SHATTERS THE 'COPTER'S PLEXIGLASS...

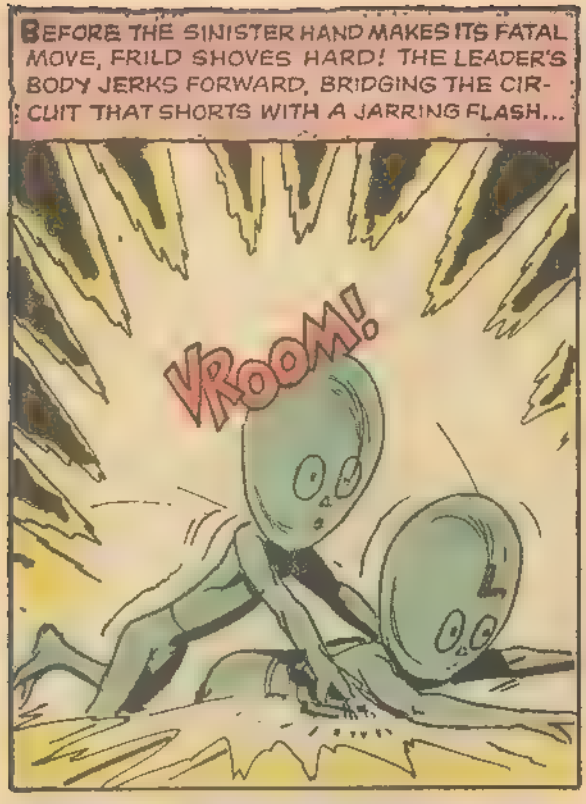
ONCE AGAIN, THE DETERMINED PILOT FINDS AN INGENIOUS WEAPON! A PHOTO FLARE ARCHES ACROSS THE SMOKE, EXPLODING WITH INCANDESCENT BRILLIANCE BY THE ROCKET-GUNNERS...

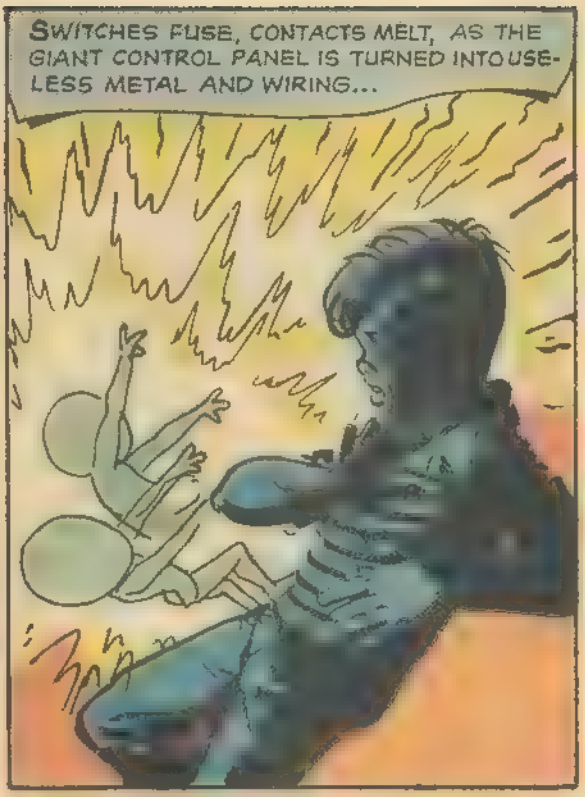

NO! YOU ARE NOT GOING TO LAUNCH THE MISSILE!
FOOL! WE ARE A SUPERIOR PEOPLE! IT IS OUR DESTINY TO CONQUER ALL OTHER GALACTIC PEOPLE!

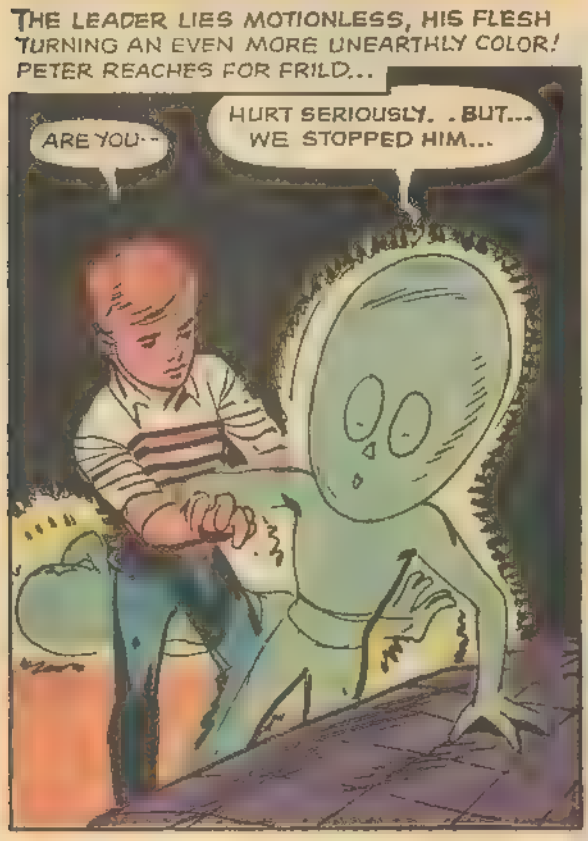

ENSLAVING OTHERS HAS NEVER MADE OUR LIVES FULLER AND HAS ONLY HARMED THEIRS! THESE PEOPLE *ARE* STRUGGLING TOWARD A BETTER WORLD AND IT MUST NOT BE DESTROYED!

THEN, WITH A SUDDEN TWIST, THE LEADER BREAKS FREE! HIS HAND STREAKS FOR THE DOOMING SWITCH

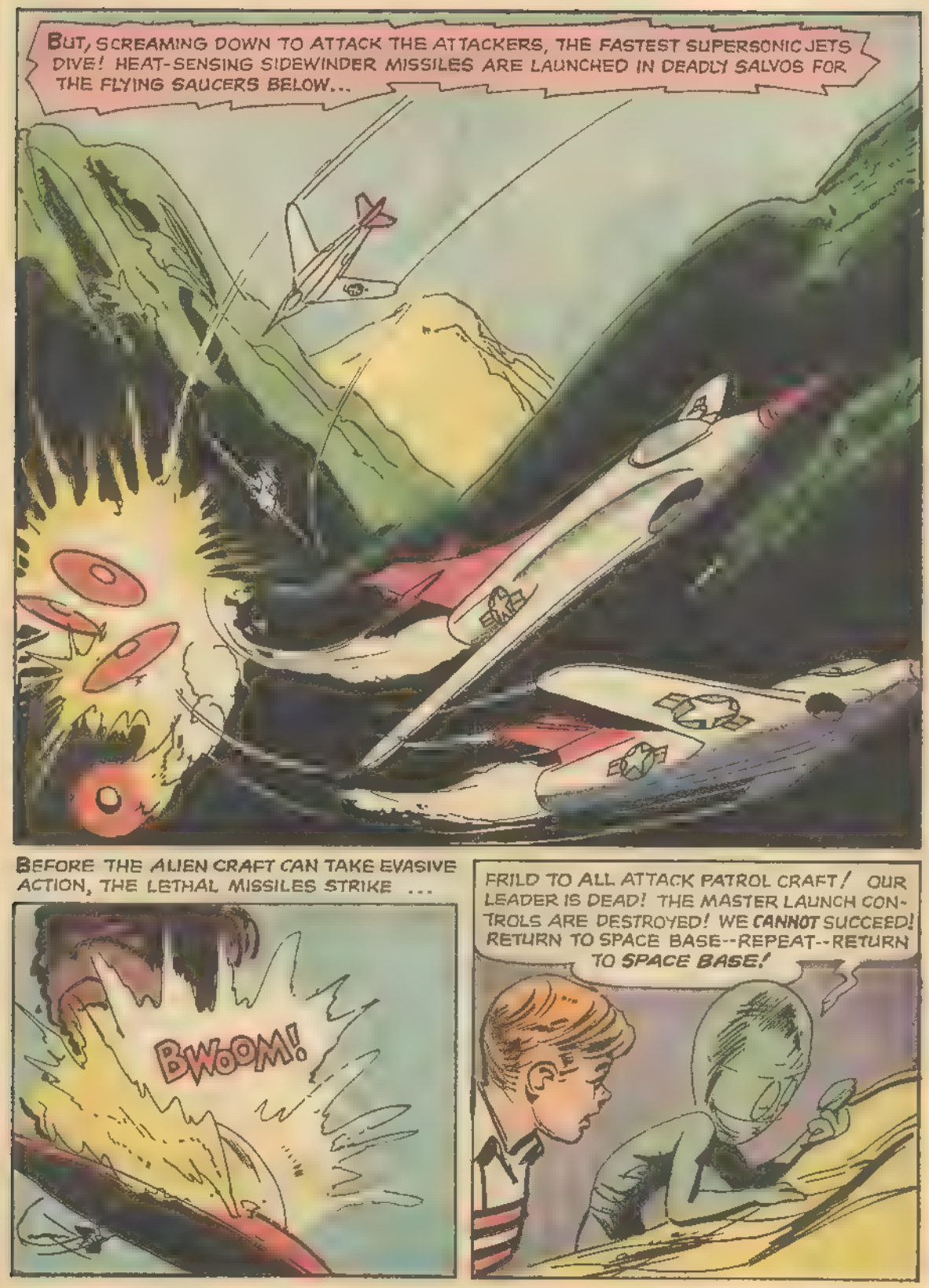



BEFORE THE SINISTER HAND MAKES ITS FATAL MOVE, FRILD SHOVES HARD! THE LEADER'S BODY JERKS FORWARD, BRIDGING THE CIRCUIT THAT SHORTS WITH A JARRING FLASH...
VROOM!


SWITCHES FUSE, CONTACTS MELT, AS THE GIANT CONTROL PANEL IS TURNED INTO USELESS METAL AND WIRING...

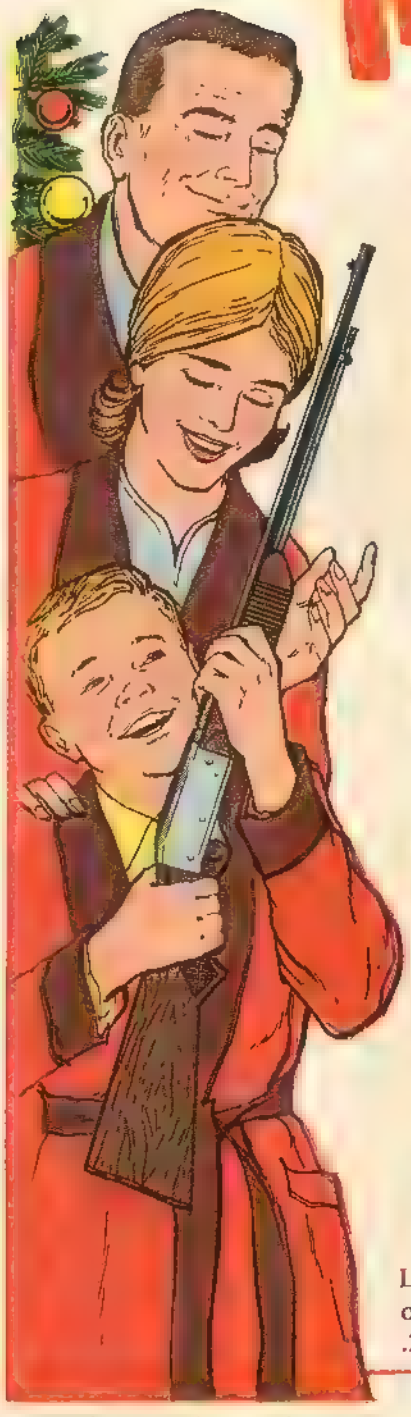

THE LEADER LIES MOTIONLESS, HIS FLESH TURNING AN EVEN MORE UNEARTHLY COLOR! PETER REACHES FOR FRILD...
ARE YOU--
HURT SERIOUSLY. . BUT... WE STOPPED HIM...

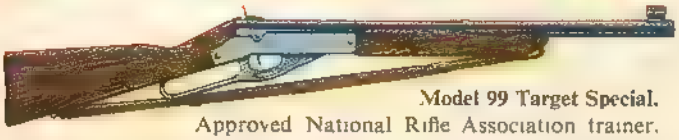
MORE FLYING SAUCERS! THE OTHER MEN HERE MUST HAVE SENT FOR THEM! THIS TIME, WE CAN'T ESCAPE!


BUT, SCREAMING DOWN TO ATTACK THE ATTACKERS, THE FASTEST SUPERSONIC JETS DIVE! HEAT-SENSING SIDEWINDER MISSILES ARE LAUNCHED IN DEADLY SALVOS FOR THE FLYING SAUCERS BELOW...
BEFORE THE ALIEN CRAFT CAN TAKE EVASIVE ACTION, THE LETHAL MISSILES STRIKE ...
BWOOM!
FRILD TO ALL ATTACK PATROL CRAFT! OUR LEADER IS DEAD! THE MASTER LAUNCH CONTROLS ARE DESTROYED! WE CANNOT SUCCEED! RETURN TO SPACE BASE--REPEAT--RETURN TO SPACE BASE!

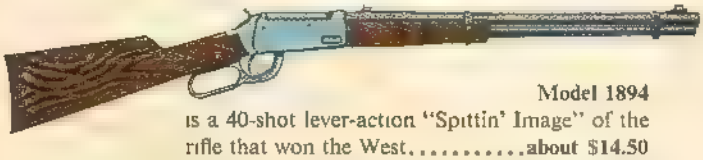
AT DEFENSE RADAR CENTRAL, AN ASTOUNDED TECHNICIAN SCANS HIS SCREEN...
SIR, THOSE BLIPS ARE MOVING OFF BEYOND OUR ATMOSPHERE AT THE SPEED OF MISSILES!
NEXT TIME, SOMEONE REPORTS A FLYING SAUCER ON THIS SCREEN, MAYBE I WON'T SMILE!
BUT THE VICTORY IS SADDENED BY THE SIGHT OF A FAST FAILING FRILD...
NO, YOU CANNOT SAVE ME... NO MORE THAN YOU CAN SAVE THE MEN WHO ARE MAROONED BY THEIR WRECKED SAUCERS! WITHOUT OUR DAILY HYDROGEN-IMMERSION-REJUVENATION... WE ALL MUST DIE! AH, BUT THERE WAS SO MUCH... I MIGHT HAVE TAUGHT YOU...
BUT YOU TAUGHT US THE GREATEST LESSON OF ALL -- THAT THERE CAN BE FRIENDSHIP ACROSS THE GREAT GALACTIC VOID! THAT... NO, HE CANNOT HEAR ME ANY LONGER!
OVER THE SILENT SAUCERS, THE 'COPTER FLIES! THREE TEEN-AGERS STARE AT THE CRAFT THEIR ROCKET FORCED DOWN! AND IN ALL THEIR MINDS, ONE AGONIZING QUESTION REMAINS UNASKED AND UNANSWERED -- WOULD THE ALIEN CRAFT EVER AGAIN RETURN TO DIVIDE AND CONQUER OUR WORLD?
THE END

"It's a Daisy"

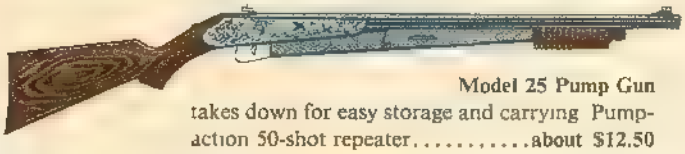




Model 99 Target Special.
Approved National Rifle Association trainer. 50-shot repeater, with sling.....about $16.50

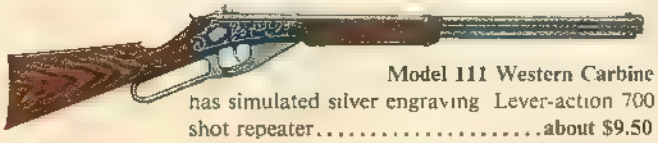


Model 1894
is a 40-shot lever-action "Spittin' Image" of the rifle that won the West.....about $14.50

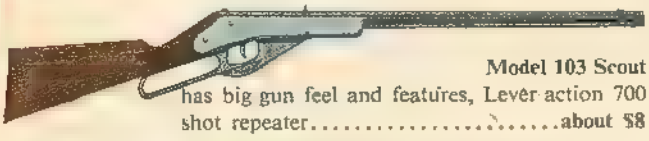


Model 25 Pump Gun
takes down for easy storage and carrying. Pump-action 50-shot repeater.....about $12.50

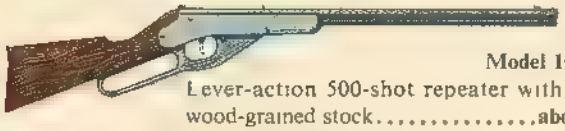
Model 95 Woodstock
is Daisy's 700-shot B•B Gun version of a modern sporting rifle.....about $10.50



Model 111 Western Carbine
has simulated silver engraving. Lever-action 700 shot repeater.....about $9.50



Model 103 Scout
has big gun feel and features. Lever action 700 shot repeater.....about $8



Model 102 Cub.
Lever-action 500-shot repeater with durable wood-grained stock.....about $5.98

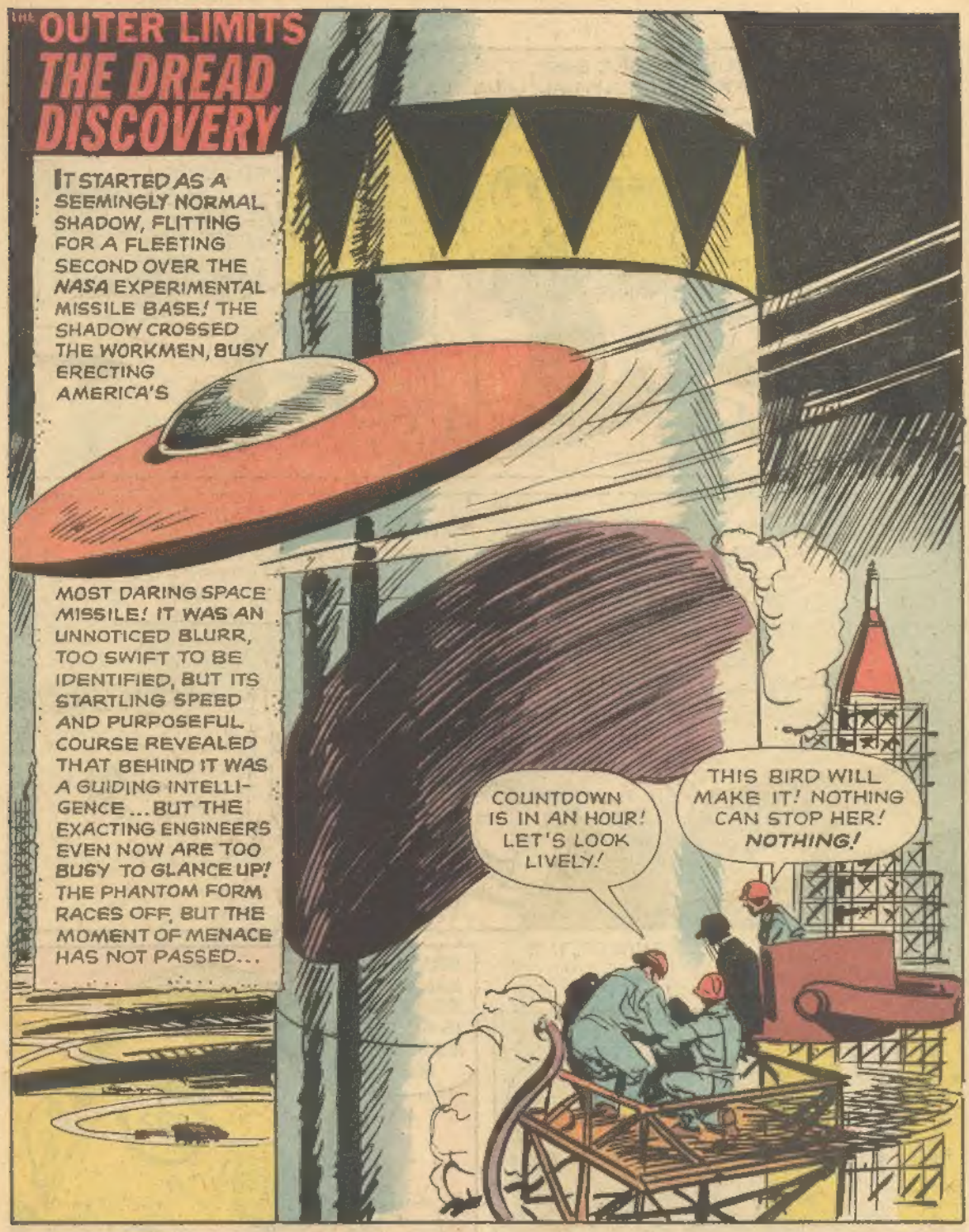
Left: **New Model 26 "Spittin' Image"**
of one of America's most popular slide-action .22 repeaters. 45-shot.....about $18

Hint: Just draw a circle around your favorite Daisy B•B Gun, and leave this page next to Dad's place at the table sometime between now and Christmas. If we know Pop, he'll be as excited as you when you open that package on Christmas morning.

Write for *free* 28-page Catalog.

Daisy®
B•B Gun Division

Daisy Manufacturing Company • Box 165M1 • Rogers, Ark 72756 • (In Canada: Preston Ontario)


THE OUTER LIMITS
THE DREAD DISCOVERY
IT STARTED AS A SEEMINGLY NORMAL SHADOW, FLITTING FOR A FLEETING SECOND OVER THE NASA EXPERIMENTAL MISSILE BASE! THE SHADOW CROSSED THE WORKMEN, BUSY ERECTING AMERICA'S
MOST DARING SPACE MISSILE! IT WAS AN UNNOTICED BLURR, TOO SWIFT TO BE IDENTIFIED, BUT ITS STARTLING SPEED AND PURPOSEFUL COURSE REVEALED THAT BEHIND IT WAS A GUIDING INTELLIGENCE ... BUT THE EXACTING ENGINEERS EVEN NOW ARE TOO BUSY TO GLANCE UP! THE PHANTOM FORM RACES OFF, BUT THE MOMENT OF MENACE HAS NOT PASSED...
COUNTDOWN IS IN AN HOUR! LET'S LOOK LIVELY!
THIS BIRD WILL MAKE IT! NOTHING CAN STOP HER! NOTHING!

THE OUTER LIMITS, No. 5, January-March 1965. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Single copy price 12¢. All rights reserved throughout the world. The events contained herein are fictional and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Copyright © 1964 Daystar-Villa Di Stefano—United Artists Television.

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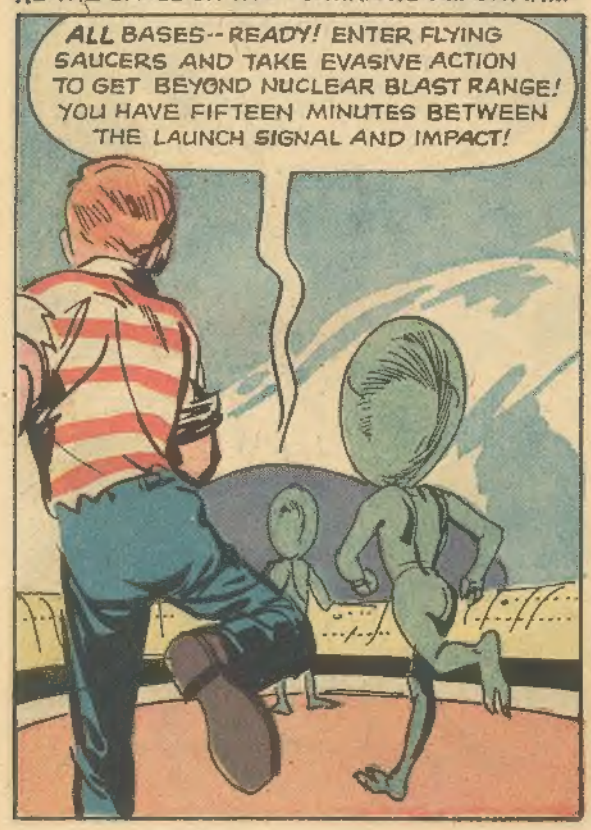
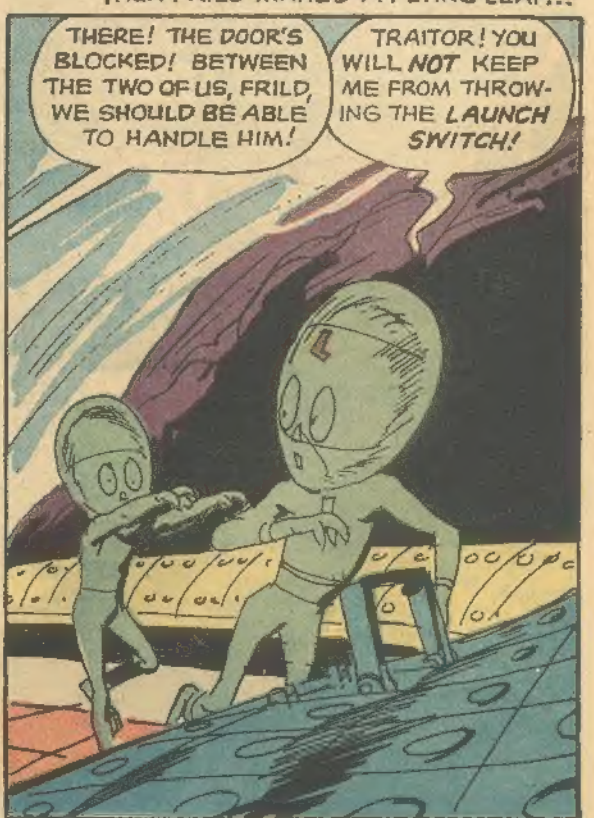
THE ROCKET FLARES ON! BEHIND, THE SAUCER LOSES STABILITY, WOBBLING WILDLY...
I TOLD YOU! OUR ROCKET HIT THAT THING!
BUT WHAT IS IT? I THOUGHT THE AIR FORCE REPORT SAID FLYING SAUCERS WERE ONLY OPTICAL ILLUSIONS!
I'LL BET I KNOW WHAT IT IS--ONE OF MY FATHER'S EXPERIMENTAL ROCKETS!
MAYBE IT ISN'T WRECKED! THE SAND'S SOFT! LET'S CHECK!
WRECKED OR NOT, WE'RE IN TROUBLE!
Y-YOU MEAN, WE MIGHT HAVE HIT A GOVERNMENT ROCKET?
HIT NOTHING--WE DESTROYED IT! LOOK!!

CONTROL CENTER UNDER ATTACK! BUT THE MISSILE LAUNCH MOMENT IS AT HAND! FIRST, ALL BASES REPORT IF AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN MISSILES ARE READY FOR LAUNCHING!
ATLAS BASE R-2--READY!... ATLAS BASE R-4--READY!... SOVIET BASE K-4--READY--

AS THE BASES ON TWO CONTINENTS REPORT IN...


ALL BASES--READY! ENTER FLYING SAUCERS AND TAKE EVASIVE ACTION TO GET BEYOND NUCLEAR BLAST RANGE! YOU HAVE FIFTEEN MINUTES BETWEEN THE LAUNCH SIGNAL AND IMPACT!

THEN FRILD MAKES A FLYING LEAP...

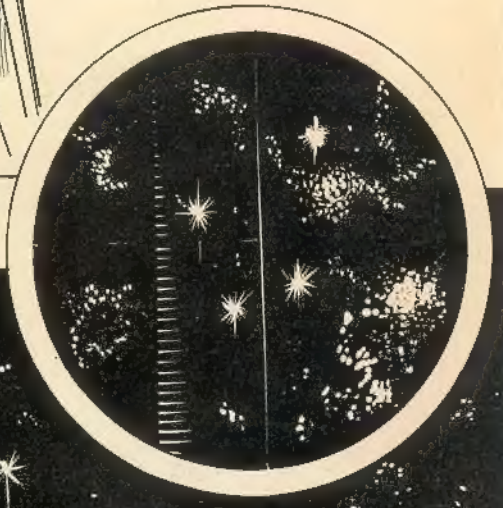

THERE! THE DOOR'S BLOCKED! BETWEEN THE TWO OF US, FRILD, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO HANDLE HIM!
TRAITOR! YOU WILL NOT KEEP ME FROM THROWING THE LAUNCH SWITCH!

THE
OUTER LIMITS

THE ISLAND UNIVERSES

THE MILKY WAY, OF WHICH OUR OWN SOLAR SYSTEM IS BUT A TINY PART, IS ONE OF NUMBERLESS GALAXIES LIKE IT THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE.

200 INCH REFLECTOR
POLOMAR MOUNTAIN
CALIFORNIA



ELIPTICAL GALAXY

THESE "ISLAND UNIVERSES," AS THEY ARE SOMETIMES CALLED, OCCUR IN A VARIETY OF SHAPES. BASICALLY ELLIPTICAL OR SPIRAL.

SPIRAL GALAXY

ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING OF RECENTLY DISCOVERED HAPPENINGS AMONGST THE GALAXIES IS THE GIGANTIC EXPLOSION IN ONE REMOTE GALAXY KNOWN AS **M82**. NOT ONLY DID THE EXPLOSION BEGIN 1½ MILLION YEARS AGO, BUT, ASTRONOMERS SAY, IT IS STILL IN PROGRESS!!